The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 21. Vol. IV. JUNE, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July, *in the* August *number.*

THE "BOOKMAN" DIRECTORY OF BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

The first issue of the Bookman Directory of Booksellers, Publishers and Authors *will be ready early in June. It will contain*

(1) *A specially made and very full list of Booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Only bonâ fide booksellers are given, and specialities are indicated wherever possible.*

(2) *A list of publishers with, in many cases, particulars of the history and publications of the various firms, supplied by themselves.*

(3) *A list of authors, with addresses. In many cases, by special permission of the authors, the private addresses are given.*

The Directory will extend to over seventy pages in quarto, and a copy will be sent post free by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., on receipt of the coupon which will be found on the back page of the wrapper of the May and June numbers, and six penny stamps. A special edition has been printed on thick paper, handsomely bound, and interleaved. This will be sent free to all who send, or have sent, seven shillings, the yearly subscription to The Bookman, *to the publishers. It will be sold separately at 3s. 6d. net.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has written another Polynesian story. It is entitled 'The Go Betweens,' and will be published in the *Illustrated London News*. It is, we believe, about the length of the 'Beach of Falésa.'

Sir John Thurston is by no means pleased with Mr. Stevenson's political action in Samoa. He has given an interview to the Sydney *Presbyterian*, in which he expresses himself vigorously. He has no personal knowledge of Mr. Stevenson, but says, "I am of opinion that no lasting peace and no satisfactory termination to the past unhappy state of affairs in Samoa are possible until the parties to the French Act referred to are prepared to put down promptly, and with a firm hand, any intermeddling in local native politics, whether by the 'eminent novelist,' as the newspapers call Mr. Stevenson, or by any other private person." With reference to Mr. Stevenson's statement that attempts had been made to deport him from Samoa, His Excellency said, "It is utterly and absolutely incorrect to say that any application was ever made to me to remove Mr. Stevenson, or to interfere with him in any conceivable way whatever."

Mr. R. D. Blackmore is, we understand, meditating the publication of a volume of short stories and verses which have from time to time appeared in various quarters serially.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book, 'Many Inventions,' will be issued the first week in June. It will be published simultaneously here, in America, in Messrs. Heinemann and Balestier's Continental Library, and several translations will also be issued at the same time.

Maarten Maartens, whose fame steadily grows both in this country and in America, comes over for a visit to England about June 13th, when he will be the guest of Mr. Bentley, at Upton Court, Slough. He has been spending the spring at Bax, Switzerland.

Towards the end of the year a new collected edition of the poems of the late Lord Lytton will be issued, as also reprints of his perhaps best known poems, 'The Wanderer' (as it was originally written by the author) and 'Lucile.'

Mrs. Clifford is giving her whole attention to play-writing. Very large sums have been offered to her by publishers for a new novel; but she turns a deaf ear to their entreaties. One of her stories has been dramatised as a curtain-lifter; and we may expect to hear before long that she has finished a play.

The proprietors of the *Pall Mall Budget* have commissioned Mrs. W. K. Clifford to write them a number of short stories for publication in their paper.

Mr. Hall Caine has taken up his residence at Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man. It is likely he will remain, although he has taken the house only for a year. He describes the place as lovely beyond all dreams of beauty. Mr. Caine is going on rapidly with his new novel. He has stopped it for the past fortnight in order that he might write an article of ten thousand words for the new *Pall Mall Magazine* on the Russian Jews.

Mr. Hall Caine's new story will, we understand, be published in the *Queen*.

Professor W. M. Ramsay received a few days ago a gold medal of Leo XIII., 1890, with a most complimentary letter in Latin from Cardinal Rampolli about his book on the Church in the Roman Empire, which was presented to the Pope by De Rossi. The Pope had been much interested in the book, and had ordered it to be placed in the new hall which is to hold the library of reference books.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle's latest work, 'The Refugees,' is about to be translated into German. The translation will first be used as a serial, and will afterwards be published in book form.

Mr. Walter Raymond ("Tom Cobbleigh") has just finished a new story. It is a companion picture to 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter,' but placed upon the Somersetshire moors. We shall for once have Sedgemoor without any mention of the Duke of Monmouth. The title thought of is 'Young Sam and Sabina,' but that is not definitely decided.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Red" and "Blue" poetry and fairy books for children have been so successful that he is to contribute to children's Christmas literature this year a new volume, entitled 'The True Story Book.' It will be published, as the others were, by Messrs. Longmans and Co., and is expected in the autumn. The illustrations are again to be a feature.

The interest in Mr. Watson's work shows no sign of declining, and first editions of his poems command high sums, especially in America, where he is having quite a "boom." The *Atlantic Monthly* for April had, under the title of "A Poet's Poetry," a very appreciative article on his work, and a London bookseller received recently from America a commission for a complete set of Mr. Watson's "first editions," with instructions to pay as much as £50 for the set, if necessary.

One of the most important works in preparation for the autumn season is Mr. F. C. Selous' 'Thirteen Years Pioneering and Sport in Mashonaland.' The work will be full of adventure and interest, especially at the present juncture of affairs, when so much attention is directed to the partition of Africa. It will be copiously illustrated by Whymper, Lodge, Wolf, and others. Mr. Selous was the recipient of the Royal Geographical Society's gold medal for the present year. The work will be issued to the trade by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Limited.

Miss Katherine Tynan, the Dublin poetess, is now Mrs. Hinkson, and has taken up residence in London.

A new story, entitled 'The Lilac Sun Bonnet,' will shortly begin publication in the columns of the *Christian Leader*. Of the author's first book, 'The Stickit Minister,' although published only a few weeks ago, a second edition is now being rapidly prepared.

Mr. Conan Doyle's last short story is called 'The Slapping Sal.' Mr. Doyle, it is understood, intends to give himself a comparative rest.

The statement that Mr. Conan Doyle wrote the songs in the new Savoy opera, "Jane Annie," is not correct. A number of them are by Mr. Barrie. This is perhaps one of the best:—

"It was the time of thistledown,
The corn we wandered through;
She plucked the lover's thistledown,
As maids are wont to do.
She blew upon the thistledown,
'He loves, he loves me not!'
And from the loyal thistledown,
'He loves' the answer got.

She did not ask the thistledown
If her own love were true;
No need to ask the thistledown,
She thought—as maidens do.
But had she asked the thistledown,
This answer she'd have got,
'Your false breath stains the thistledown,
He loves, but you love not.'"

The title of Miss Braddon's new novel is 'All Along the River.' It will be issued by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. in this country, and the Cassell Publishing Company in America.

Mr. Walter Crane is illustrating a new edition of Mrs. Deland's 'The Old Garden, and other Verses.' If this volume be as attractive as the edition of the 'Wonder Book' published last Christmas by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., it should have a very large sale. By-the-bye, the 'Wonder Book' was not printed in England, but was the production of the famous Riverside Press, of Cambridge, in the United States.

Mr. Heinemann is about to publish a new book which should attract attention. It is by the Italian scientist Mantegazza, and is to be entitled 'The Art of Taking a Wife.' The subject, it is promised, will be treated both scientifically and popularly.

Nowadays, when all the philosophers are publishing poetry, it may be of interest to know that no less distinguished a scientist than Professor George John Romanes has already published anonymously two volumes of verse. The first, 'The More Excellent Way,' was issued in 1883 by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., being "selected for separate and anonymous publication" (so it is stated in the preface), "because it is concerned with a class of feelings which scarcely admit of being expressed freely and honestly without concealment of authorship." The second volume (in which, by-the-bye, the first is incorporated) bears the title of 'Poems, 1879-1889,' and was printed "for private circulation," the publishers being Harrison and Sons, St. Martin's Lane. Among the contents are 'Charles Darwin: A Memorial Poem,' 'A Dream of Poetry,' and various narrative poems, with some sonnets.

Mr. W. J. Hardy, F.S.A., whose volume on "Book Plates" appeared in THE BOOKMAN'S list of the best selling books for the month of April, is son of the late Sir William Hardy. He is a cousin to Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, the novelist, being a nephew of Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records. Mr. Hardy is contemplating writing another volume on Book Plates—this time on modern Book Plates, which are not touched upon

in the present volume. He has been contributing a set of articles, shortly to appear in a volume, to the *Leisure Hour*, on 'The Handwriting of the Kings and Queens of England,' and is a contributor to the *Morning Post*.

Mr. Richard Dowling, the author of 'The Mystery of Killard,' 'Catmur's Caves,' etc., has ready for press a new novel, entitled 'Twice Lost, or what the Sea gave up.'

Messrs. Bentley have Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new novel in the press. It will be called 'Mrs. Finch-Brassey.' The original title 'Whincliffe' has been given up.

Early in the month Mr. David Nutt will issue a volume of essays by Mr. G. S. Street, under the title of 'Miniatures and Moods.' They are reprinted from the *National Observer*, and deal partly with seventeenth-century biography, partly with general subjects.

We hear that Mr. Theodore Watts' Introduction to George Borrow's 'Lavengro' in the "Minerva Library of Famous Books" has resulted in Mr. Watts having so many applications to write about Borrow for English and American magazines and publishers, that he contemplates amplifying his "Minerva Library" Introduction into a volume on Borrow. This edition of 'Lavengro' has obtained a sale much beyond the publishers' hopes and anticipations.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book, 'Novel Notes,' which has been running through the *Idler*, was to have been published by Messrs. Field and Tuer this spring, but has been delayed by the publication of the American edition, and it is probable that it will now be kept back till the autumn. It is to be illustrated, and will contain a new and unpublished preface.

The Rev. Joseph Hocking, whose recently-issued 'Story of Andrew Fairfax' has already obtained a very large sale, has yet another book in the press. It is entitled 'Ishmael Pengelly,' and will be published by Ward, Lock and Bowden.

Miss Sarah Tytler has ready for publication the new novel, entitled 'War Time, or the Lads of Craigross,' which has recently been running through a Church of Scotland periodical.

A correspondent writes: "I do not know whether the following has ever been told in print; I got it from the late Mr. W. B. Donne, the Examiner of Plays. Dickens once had a bell-hanger working about his house, an East Anglian, whose quaint, sing-song dialect so attracted the novelist that he resolved to go down to the man's country. The result was a visit to Yarmouth, and 'David Copperfield.' There is a misprint that runs, I believe, through all the editions—the misplacement merely of a comma, and yet it makes nonsense—where Peggotty is represented as saying, 'Thank you, kind sir.' Of course, what he really said was, 'Thank you kind [*i.e.*, kindly], sir.'"

The Cassell Publishing Company of New York will issue Sarah Grand's book, the 'Heavenly Twins,' in one volume Its sale in this country continues very good. The cheap edition of the 'Children of the Ghetto' has also moved off rapidly.

The editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* have secured a story from the pen of Madame Sarah Grand, author of 'The Heavenly Twins,' for publication at an early date.

Miss Dougall is at present revising the proofs of her new novel, 'What Necessity Knows,' for publication in book form. The novel will be issued towards the end of the year both here and in America, where it is a copyright book, by Messrs. Longmans and Co.

Mr. Guy Boothby, who has just arrived in England fresh from his great feat of crossing Australia, is already at work on a record of his travels, which we hope will be ready for publication towards the end of the year.

"Max Beresford" (A. S. Holdsworth) has ready for the press a new novel, entitled 'Joanna Trail, Spinster.'

Mr. William Tirebuck, the author of 'Dorrie,' has finished a new novel, to which he proposes to give the title of 'Ida's Defiance.'

Mrs. L. T. Meade has a new novel, entitled 'That House in London,' ready for publication. It is intended more particularly for young people and girls.

Mr. Henry Frith (secretary of the Whitefriars Club) is writing a companion volume to his 'Romance of Engineering,' which is to be entitled 'The Romance of Navigation.'

Mr. Thomas Cobb, author of 'The House by the Meadows' and several other novels, has just finished a humorous work, entitled 'Cuthbert's Scheme.'

'South African Tales' is the title which Anna, Countess de Brèmont, proposes for a volume of short stories she will shortly publish.

Mr. J. Culcliffe Hyne, author of 'Four Red Nightcaps,' 'The New Eden,' and some half dozen other novels, has just finished a new story dealing with Freemasonry, to which he has given the name of 'The Recipe of Diamonds.'

Miss Marie Corelli has just finished a story entitled 'Nehemiah P. Hoskins, Artist: A Faithful Study of Fame.'

The picture of Mr. Barrie's residence presented with this number of THE BOOKMAN is from a photograph by Mr. John Clark, Queen Street, Forfar.

A small medical brochure, entitled 'Hay Fever and Asthma,' from the pen of the eminent nose and throat specialist, Dr. Greville MacDonald, will be published this week.

Mr. Grant Allen has arranged to contribute a weekly column to the *Lady's Pictorial*, somewhat on the lines of his recent *Westminster Gazette* articles.

Mr. W. L. Alden, whose monthly story in the *Idler* forms an attractive feature of that periodical, has arranged to contribute a series of humorous sketches to the *Strand Magazine*.

Sir Robert S. Ball, whose articles on astronomical subjects are much appreciated in Australia, has arranged to write a series for publication in the *Melbourne Argus*.

Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, the author of 'On Both Sides,' 'Juan and Juanita,' etc., has written a new novel entitled 'Claudia.'

Scottish. Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has his new venture, 'The Familiar Letters of Walter Scott,' well in hand, and it is hoped it may be ready this autumn, or at latest by the spring of next year. It will consist of two volumes similar in appearance to the 'Journal,' and each volume will be enriched with a portrait of Sir Walter. These are being executed by Mr. James Faed, perhaps the best mezzotint engraver now living, and one of the famous Scottish artist family, of whom Thomas Faed, R.A., and John Faed, R.S.A., are also distinguished members.

Booksellers. Publishers in America are generally complaining of the unjustness of the Tariff. The following is a case in point: A leading New York publisher had some folded sheets sent from England. On these he paid the usual 25 per cent. duty. Finding afterwards that he had need of the covers for the books, he had these forwarded, when, to his surprise, a duty of 40 per cent. was charged. It appears that the covers were made of some material which came under the head of 40 per cent., whereas if they had come *on* the books they would have been charged accordingly 25 per cent.

The firm of Eden, Remington and Co., Publishers, London and Sydney, having become a limited liability company, will carry on business in future under the name of Remington and Co., Limited. The entire capital of the company has been taken up by persons already interested in the business, no portion being offered to the public.

American. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is coming as usual to England for the London season, and will sail from Boston on May 27th, arriving in London about June 6th. We hear that an article on Mrs. Moulton's poems will appear in the next issue of the *London Quarterly Review*.

Professor Drummond's lectures at Boston are being crowded. The admission is by tickets, a certain number of which are given away, not more than one to each person. The run on these tickets has been so tremendous that boys have found it worth their while to wait for hours in order to obtain one, which they afterwards sell in the streets. As much as three dollars (12s.) has been given for one ticket.

Mr. Bret Harte's latest story is 'A Protegée of Jack Hawkins.' It will shortly be published in America.

Mr. Archibald Forbes is writing for *McClure's Magazine* a series entitled 'Great Men at their Greatest—Napoleon, Bismarck, Von Moltke.'

For the first number of *McClure's Magazine* M. de Blowitz has written an article on the Present Situation of Europe.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has recently collected a number of his short stories which have from time to time appeared in various periodicals, and proposes to issue them in volume form here and in America towards the end of the year.

Australian. Messrs. E. A. Petherick and Co., of Sydney, have issued their review of Australasian literature for 1892. They report that the output of Australasian literature has been the reverse of literary in its character, consisting mainly of catalogues, records, registers, and reports. Australian novelists, poets, and biographers do not as a rule publish their works in Australia. Still, one or two books are mentioned, among them a monograph on George Meredith, by Professor Macallum, of Sydney University. Professor Macallum says he knows no writer with so many of Shakespeare's characteristic qualities as George Meredith. We note that there is an Australian edition of *Scribner's Magazine*, differing only from the American edition in having four pages more at the end of every number devoted to Australasian topics. Preachers do not seem to be immoderate in the matter of publishing, only one sermon having been issued during the year.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

EDITED BY THOMAS J. WISE.

During the past month there have been few sales containing books of any particular rarity or interest. The principal event was the dispersal of the Walker Library, somewhat remarkable for the unusually large proportion of fine editions of standard works which it contained. Of so-called "Collectors' books" there have been few of any note.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge held a six days' sale of miscellaneous books, extending from the 24th to the 29th of April, among which were the following lots:—

Cruikshank, G. Table Book, edited by Gilbert A'Beckett, first edition, illustrations by Cruikshank, cloth, £4 12s.

Bury, Richard de. Phylobiblon Rychardi de Bury de Amore Librorum, etc., manuscript on vellum, Sæc. xiv. £15 15s.

Bury, R. de. Incipit plogus in librum de Amore Librorum, qui dicitur Philobiblon, Gothic letter, first edition, first leaf mended, vellum, in drop morocco case, rare. Coloniæ, 1473, £50. (The only copy ever offered for sale in England.)

Bury, R. de. Phylobyblon de Queremoniis Librorum, omnibus litterarum amatoribus perutile. Gothic letter, very rare. Spiræ per J. et C. Hust, 1483, £31 10s.

Lamb, C. John Woodvil, first edition, original boards, uncut, with a brief autograph note by Lamb inserted, 1802, £8 15s.

Byron. Broughton, Lord, Contemporary Account of the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron; also of the Destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs. Uncut, in original cloth, privately printed, 1870, £9. (Although the volume was accompanied by an interesting MS. "Narrative of the Circumstances Preceding the Destruction of the Memoirs," and other papers, the price realised was absurdly high. The whole of the 300 copies printed are preserved, and will probably one day see the light. The actual value of the book cannot be more than £3 3s.)

Raleigh, Sir W. Discoverie of the large, rich, and bewtiful Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the Great and Golden City of Manoa (which the Spaniards call El Dorado), etc. 2 small holes in title, vellum, very rare. 4to, 1596, £32.

Molière, J. B. Poquelin, dit, Ses Œuvres, 2 vols., fine copy in red morocco extra, gilt edges, by Lortic Fils, 1666, £30. (First edition with complete pagination, and excessively rare.)

Prince (Le) D'Amour; or, The Prince of Love. With a collection of several Ingenious Poems and Songs by the Wits of the Age. First edition, original calf, 1660, £5 15s.

The following series of Sir Walter Scott's works were in magnificent condition, the boards being as fresh as new; hence the unusually high prices they commanded.

Scott, Sir Walter, The Abbot, 3 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, 1820, £4 2s.

Scott, Sir Walter, Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, 1825, £2 15s.

Scott, Sir Walter, Kenilworth, 3 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, £3 18s.
Scott, Sir Walter. Woodstock, 3 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, 1826, £2 12s.
Scott, Sir Walter. The Pirate, 3 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, 1822, £2 18s.
Scott, Sir Walter. The Monastery, 3 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, 1820, £3 3s.
Scott, Sir Walter. Tales of my Landlord, second series, 4 vols., first edition, clean, in the original boards, uncut, 1818, £3 12s.

No books have risen so rapidly in value during recent years as the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Six or eight years ago the above books would not have brought more than £5 5s. together, and there is no doubt that even these prices will be greatly exceeded in the near future.

On May 1st and 2nd, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge sold the library of the late Fountaine Walker, Esq., which included the following interesting items:—

Allot, R. England's Parnassus, Russia extra, by F. Bedford, a clean copy, but cut very close, 1600, £17 5s. This little anthology contains no less than seventy-nine extracts from the works of Shakespeare. Hence its interest and value.
Block Book. Opera nova contemplativa per ogni fidel christiano laquale tratta de le Figure del Testamento Vecchio (Biblia Pauperum). The only entire xylographic work printed in Italy, and excessively rare. The text, 64 leaves, last blank, entirely xylographic, is ornamented with 121 woodcuts from designs by A. Durer, Bellino, and Mantegna, red morocco extra, gold tooling, g.e., by Niedrée, from the Yemeniz Library. Vinegia, G. A. Vavassone, ditto Vadaguino, s. a. (circa 1510), £34.
Cocker, E. Arithmetick, published by J. Hawkins, first edition, portrait, blue morocco extra, g.e., by W. Pratt, printed for T. Passinger on London Bridge, 1678, £15.
Davies J., of Hereford. Scourge of Folly, with Descant upon English Proverbs and others, engraved title, with cut of flogging, red morocco extra, g.e., n.d. 1611-12, £13 18s.
Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis secundum Usum Romanum totaliter ad longum sine require cum Calendario, printed on vellum, with uncoloured woodcuts, and with the numerous initials and capitals illuminated in gold and colours, purple velvet, g.e., Parisius, G. Hardouyn, n.d. £36.
Æsopi Fabulæ cum Italica Versione Accii Zuchi, first edition, brown morocco extra, g.e., excessively rare, one leaf inlaid. Very imperfect, therefore sold with all faults, Veronæ, 1479, £34.
Burton, R. Anatomy of Melancholy, first edition, a few leaves mended, red morocco, gold tooling, g.e., by W. Pratt, extremely rare, Oxford, 1621, £10 10s.
Gould J. Birds of Great Britain, 5 vols. in 25 parts, uncut, 1862-73, £36.
Milton, J. Poems, both English and Latin, first collective edition, with the rare portrait by Marshall, most of the leaves badly cut in pagination, otherwise good copy, in red morocco extra, g.e., by W. Pratt, 1645, £20 5s. (Crawford's copy sold for £57. A fine one would now bring a still longer price.)
James I. Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres, first edition, with the Sonnet at end (often deficient), excessively rare, red morocco extra, gold tooling, g.e., by C. Lewis, R. Waldegrave, 1591, £30 5s.
Shakespeare, W. Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his Battell fought at Agin Court in France. Fine copy in red morocco, gold tooling, double with red leather, borders of gold, g.e., by C. Lewis, with Kinnear arms in gold on sides, 1608, £50.
Sidney, Sir Phillip. Apologie for Poetrie, first edition, fine copy in brown morocco extra, gold tooling, gilt edges, by Riviere, 1595, £32 10s.
Spenser, E. Complaints, containing sundrie small Poemes of the World's Vanitie, first edition, fine copy in red morocco extra, g.e., by F. Bedford, 1591, £22 10s.
Spenser, E., Colin Clouts come Home again, first edition, red morocco extra, g.e., by C. Lewis, 1595, £15. A short copy with small margins, hence the comparatively low figure obtained.

From Monday, May 15th, to Friday, May 19th, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge held a five days' sale of the library of Edwin Walker, Esq., of Huddersfield. The books were mostly library editions of standard works, and brought good prices. The following are the more important items.

Arnold, Matthew. Strayed Reveller, and other Poems. by A., 1849, first edition, uncut, in the original cloth, £5 5s.
Arnold, M. Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems, by A., 1852, first edition, uncut, in the original cloth, £5 5s. These books were both suppressed, but it is doubtful whether any of the copies withdrawn from sale in 1852 were actually destroyed, as they occur now with comparative frequency. The present examples were in the right state, but were not in fine condition.
Arnold, M. Friendship's Garland, first edition, 1871, presentation copy to Mortimer Collins, with autograph inscription, and a short holograph letter of the author's inserted. Original cloth, £2 2s.
Arnold, M. The Bibliography of, by T. B. Smart, 5s.
Audsley, G. A., and J. L. Bowles. The Keramic Art of Japan, 1875, 2 vols., red morocco extra, £9.
Audsley, G. A. The Ornamental Arts of Japan, 1882-84, 2 vols., morocco extra, £9.
Audubon, J. J. Birds of America, 1856, 7 vols., containing 500 coloured plates; only a fair copy, in calf with cut edges, £31.
Bacon, Lord F. Works, Montague's edition, 16 vols, bound in 17, 1825-34, £8.
Barham, R. H. Ingoldsby Legends, 3 series, 1840-42-47, 3 vols, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank and J. Leech, portrait of the author inserted, remarkably fine copy, red morocco super extra, uncut, t.e.g. by Riviere & Son, £17. (A cheap copy.)
Bewick, T. General History of Quadrupeds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1820—History of British Birds, 2 vols., *ib.* 1821—Fables of Æsop, and others, ib. 1818—Select Fables, together with a Memoir, and a Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of Messrs. Bewick, *ib.* 1820, 5 vols., large paper copies, half red morocco, t.e.g. £29.
Bewick Gleanings: being Impressions from Copper-plates and Wood Blocks, engraved in the Bewick Workshop, edited, with Notes, by J. Boyd, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1886, large paper, green morocco super extra, symbolical tooling, t.e.g. by Zaehnsdorf, £3.
Blomefield, F. History of Norfolk, with Continuation by Rev. C. Parkin, 5 vols, maps and plates, profusely illustrated with numerous additional engravings, comprising rare portraits, views, etc., russia extra, joints, g.e. by Kalthœber, extremely rare folio. Fersfield, 1739, Norwich, 1745, and Lynn, 1769-75. (This was the Comerford copy, at which sale it brought £160; it now sold for £86, showing plainly the depreciation that has taken place during recent years in this class of literature. A generation ago "County Histories" were all the rage, but they seem to be completely neglected by the generality of modern collectors.)
Boccaccio, G. Decameron, the Villon Society's edition, completely done into Prose and Verse by J. Payne, 3 vols., 1886, large paper, parchment, uncut, t.e.g., £4 10s.
Book-Bills of Narcissus, an Account rendered by R. Le Gallienne, Derby, 1891, large paper, uncut, £1.
Book Prices Current: a Record of the prices at which Books have been sold by Auction from December, 1886, to November, 1890, 4 vols., half morocco, uncut, t.e.g. by Zaehnsdorf, £7 15s.
Bowdich, Mrs. T. E. Fresh-water Fishes of Great Britain, 1828-38, Nos. I. to XI., numerous beautiful water-colour drawings finished in gold and silver, excessively rare, £28 10.
Browning, Robert, Works: Paracelsus, 1835; Sordello, 1840; Men and Women, 2 vols., 1855; Ring and the Book, 4 vols., 1868-69; Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, 1871; Balaustion's Adventure: including a Transcript from Euripides, 1871; Fifine at the Fair, 1872; Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, 1873; Aristophanes' Apology, 1875; Inn Album, 1875; Pacchiarotto, 1876; La Saisiaz: Two Poets of Crosis, 1878; Dramatic Idyls, both series, 2 vols., 1879-80; Jocoseria, 1883; Ferishtah's Fancies, 1884; Parleyings with Certain People, 1887; Asolando, 1890; Handbook to the Works of R. Browning, by Mrs. S. Orr, third edition, 1887. All in good condition, and uniformly bound in brown morocco extra, uncut, t.e.g. by Zaehnsdorf. £14 5s. None of the scarcest of Browning's works were included in the above series.
Bullen, A. H. England's Helicon, a Collection of Lyrical and Pastoral Poems, published in 1600, 1887; Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age, 1887; More Lyrics, 1888; Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists, 1889; Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances, 1800; Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 2 vols., 1891, large paper copies, edited by A. H. Bullen, half Roxburgh binding, 7 vols. £6.
Bullen, A. H. Speculum Amantis: Love Poems from rare Song-Books and Miscellanies of the XVIIth Century, original, half Roxburgh, t.e.g., £2 12s. Privately printed, 1889.
Buller, Sir W. L. History of the Birds of New Zealand, 1888, 2 vols., highly coloured plates and woodcuts, dark morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders on sides, uncut, t.e.g. by Zaehnsdorf, £6.
Burke, Right Hon. E., Works and Correspondence, 1852, 8 vols., portrait, calf extra, m.e., £5 12s. 6d.
Burns, R. Works (edited by W. S. Douglas), 6 vols., large paper, india proof plates, uncut, Edinburgh, 1877-79, £2 6s.
Burton, J. H. History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688, 7 vols., Edinburgh, 1867; History of Scotland, 1689-1748, 2 vols., ib., 1853, 9 vols., £6 5s.
Calverley, C. S. Verses and Translations, first edition, uncut in the original cloth, Cambridge, 1862, £1 6s.
Campbell, J. Lord. Lives of the Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, three series, 8 vols., 1845-69; Lives of the Chief Justices of England, 3 vols, 1849-57; Life, edited by his Daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle, 2 vols, portrait, 1881; Lives of the Lord Chancellors, etc. of Ireland, by J. R. O'Flanagan, 2 vols., 1870, calf extra, m.e., 15 vols., £9 15s.
Carlyle, T. Collected Works, including Translations, etc., 34 vols., library edition, portraits, etc., cloth, uncut, 1882, etc., £9 10s.
Caxton, W. Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy, done after the first edition; corrected for the press by H. Halliday Sparling, 3 vols. in 2, black letter, vellum, uncut, *Kelmscott Press*, 1892, £6 5s.
Caxton, W. Golden Legend, edited by F. S. Ellis, 3 vols., uncut, *Kelmscott Press*, 1892, £6 5s.
Cibber, Colley. Apology for his Life, written by Himself, with Notes and Supplement by R. W. Lowe, 2 vols., large and Japan paper (1 of 20 copies), 26 portraits by R. B. Parkes, in duplicate, before and after letters, and 18 etchings by A. Lalauze, brown morocco super extra, inside borders, joints, silk linings uncut, t.e.g. by Zaehnsdorf, 1889, £4 14s.

Coleridge, S. T. Poetical Works, 3 vols., Pickering, 1834; Specimens of Table Talk, 2 vols., first edition, portrait, 1835; Constitution of Church and State, and Lay Sermons, Pickering, 1839; Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, ib., 1840; Biographia Literaria, 2 vols., ib., 1847; Aids to Reflection, 2 vols., ib., 1848; Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare, 2 vols, first edition, ib., 1849; The Friend. 3 vols., ib., 1850; Essays on His Own Times, 3 vols., first edition, ib., 1850; Notes on English Divines, 2 vols., first edition, 1853, uniform calf extra, uncut, t.e.g. by Tout, 21 vols., £10 15s.

Combe, W. Dance of Life, first edition, coloured plates by T. Rowlandson, fine clean uncut copy, in the original cloth, 1817, £3 17s. 6d.

Cowper, W. Poems, 2 vols., first edition, with the cancelled and substituted leaf 123-124, green morocco extra, g.e. by F. Bedford, a small copy, washed throughout, 1782-85, £7 15s.

Crowe, J. A. and G. B. Cavalcaselle. New History of Painting in Italy from the Second to the Sixteenth Century, 3 vols., 1864-66; History of Painting in North Italy, 2 vols., 1871; Early Flemish Painters, 1872; Titian, his Life and Times, 2 vols., 1877; Raphael, his Life and Works, 2 vols., 1882, uniform vellum extra, g.e., by Zaehnsdorf, 10 vols., £23.

Cruikshank's, G. Omnibus, edited by L. Blanchard, first edition, etchings and woodcuts by G. Cruikshank, morocco extra, t.e.g., poor copy, 1842, £2 15s.

Cruikshank's, G. Table-Book, edited by G. A. à Beckett, first edition, etchings and woodcuts by G. Cruikshank, a specimen of the original wrapper bound up, morocco extra, t.e.g., by Zaehnsdorf, 1845, £3 5s.

Curtis, J. British Entomology, being illustrations and descriptions of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland, 16 vols. in 8, several hundred highly-coloured plates, half-green morocco extra, uncut, t.e.g., by R. De Coverley, 1824-39, £20.

Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting, edited by J. D. Champlin, critical editor C. C. Perkins, 4 vols., more than 2,000 illustrations (the plates india proofs), gilt vellum, uncut, t.e.g., 4to, New York, 1886-87, £9.

Dibdin, T. F. Bibliographical Decameron; or Ten Days' Pleasant Discourse upon Illuminated Manuscripts, 3 vols., morocco extra, gold tooled sides, t.e.g., by Zaehnsdorf, 1817, £15 15s.

Dibdin, T. F. Bibliographical Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, 3 vols., fine plates and cuts, morocco extra, gold tooled sides, t.e.g., by Zaehnsdorf, 1821, £13 10s.

Dibdin, T. F. Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in the Northern Counties of England and in Scotland, 2 vols., morocco ext., gold tooled sides, t.e.g., by Zaehnsdorf, 1838, £6 10s.

Dibdin, T. F. Bibliomania; or Book-Madness, morocco extra, gold tooled sides, t.e.g., by Zaehnsdorf, 1842, £3 15s.

The above 4 lots of Dibdin's works were uniformly bound.

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Eliot, George. Works, cabinet edition, 20 vols., tree marbled calf extra, m.e. n.d. £6 15s.

Eliot, George. Scenes of Clerical Life, 2 vols. First edition, uncut, in the original cloth, exceedingly scarce, 1858, £7.

Eliot, George. Adam Bede, 3 vols., first edition, uncut, in the original cloth, 1859, £3.

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Eliot, George. Romola, 3 vols., first edition, uncut, in the original cloth, 1863, £3 12s. 6d.

Eliot, George. Felix Holt the Radical, 3 vols. first edition, uncut, 1866, 6s.

Eliot, George. Spanish Gypsy, a Poem, first edition, uncut, in the original cloth, poor copy, 1868, 10s.

Eliot, George. Middlemarch, 4 vols. in 8 books, first edition, cheaply rebound, with cut edges, 1872, 13s.

Eliot, George. Legend of Jubal and other Poems, first edition, uncut, thumbed copy, 1874, 11s.

Emerson, R. W. Works, Riverside edition, 11 vols., large paper, 1 of 25 copies, uncut, 1883, £4 12s. 6d.

Fox, Caroline. Memoirs of old Friends, being extracts from the Journals and Letters of C. Fox, 1835-71, edited by H. M. Pym, portrait, tastefully illustrated with 136 portraits, autograph letters of T. Campbell, J. Lockhart, etc., in 2 vols., olive green morocco extra, inside borders, joints, uncut, t.e.g. by Tout, 1882, £8 10s. The additional illustrations were of no account, or the price realised would have been much higher. "Extra Illustrated" books, when well produced, never fail to bring large prices.

Freeman, E. A. History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results, 6 vols., maps, uncut, 1877-79, £3 7s. 6d.

Froude, J. A. History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 12 vols., library edition, tree-marbled calf extra, m.e. by Riviere, 1875-70, £5 12s. 6d.

Gardiner, S. R. History of England, 1603-1616, 2 vols., rare, 1863; Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage, 1617-1623. 2 vols.; History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I., 1624-1628, 2 vols., 1875; Personal Government of Charles I., 1628-1637, 2 vols., 1877; Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I., 1637-1649, 2 vols., 1882; History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649, 3 vols., 1886-91, maps, etc., uncut copies, 13 vols., £20.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age, 3 vols., morocco extra, g.e. Oxford, 1858, £4 4s.

The following series of Gould's Ornithological Works were in fine state, and uniformly bound:—

Gould, J. Birds of Australia, with supplement, 8 vols., 1848-70; Synopsis of the Birds of Australia and the adjacent Islands, imp. 8vo, 1837-38, numerous beautifully coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e. by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 9 vols., £230.

Gould, J. Birds of Asia, 7 vols., beautifully coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e. by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 1850-83, £99.

Gould, J. Birds of Europe, 5 vols., beautifully coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e. by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 1837, £95.

Gould, J. Monograph of the Trochilidæ, or Family of Humming-Birds, with Supplement, completed by R. B. Sharpe, 6 vols., beautifully coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 1861-87, £80.

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Gould, J. Monograph of the Ramphastidæ, or Family of Toucans, finely coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e. by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 1854, £15 10s.

Gould, J. Monograph of the Trogonidæ, or Family of Trogons, highly coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e. by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 1875, £15.

Gould, J. Mammals of Australia, 3 vols., beautifully coloured plates, dark green morocco super extra, broad gold tooled borders, g.e. by Zaehnsdorf, folio, 1863, £60.

Hipkins. A. J., Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique, large paper, 50 plates in colours drawn by W. Gibb, Artist's proofs on Japan paper, in a portfolio, 1888, £8 5s.

Holmes, O. W., Writings, 13 vol. large paper (one of 25 copies), portrait, uncut, 1891, £6.

Jameson, Mrs., Sacred and Legendary Art, 2 vols., 1848; Legends of the Monastic Orders, 1850; Legends of the Madonna, 1852; History of our Lord, 2 vols., 1864; first editions, blue morocco extra, g.e., 6 vols., £10 5s.

Jesse, J. H., Works: Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate, 4 vols., 1840; Court of England from the Revolution in 1688 to the death of George II., 3 vols., 1843; George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, with Memoirs and Notes, 4 vols., 1843-44; Pretenders and their Adherents, 2 vols., 1846; Literary and Historical Memorials of London, 2 vols., 1847; London and its Celebrities, 2 vols., 1850; Memoirs of Richard III., 1862; Life and Reign of George III., 3 vols., 1867; Memoirs of Celebrated Etonians, 2 vols., 1875; portraits, etc., a fine set, uniform calf extra, uncut, t.e.g. by Tout, 23 vols., £42. (All first editions, except 'Pretenders and their Adherents,' which was the second.)

Keats, J., Poetical Works and other Writings, edited, with Notes, etc., by H. Buxton Forman, 4 vols., Whatman's paper, india proof portraits, etc., uncut, 1883, £4 16s.

Landor, W. S., Works and Life, 8 vols., portrait, calf extra, uncut, t.e.g. by Tout, 1874, £8.

Lang, A., Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, with other Poems, first edition, white cloth, soiled, uncut, 1872, £3 10s.

Locker-Lampson, F., Catalogue of his Printed Books, MSS. Autograph Letters, Drawings, and Pictures, frontispiece by G. Cruikshank, original, half Roxburghe, 1886, £2 16s.

Longfellow, H. W., Writings, 11 vols., large paper, one of 25 copies, uncut, 1886, £4 4s.

Lowell, J. R., Writings, including 'Old English Dramatists' and 'Latest Literary Essays and Addresses,' 12 vols., large paper, one of 25 copies, 1890-92, £6 15s.

Morris, W., Earthly Paradise, a Poem, 6 vols., first edition, large paper, uncut, 1868-70, £15.

Morris, W. Story of the Glittering Plain, parchment, uncut, first edition, 1891, £4 12s.

Morris, W. Poems by the Way, parchment, uncut, first edition, 1891, £3 5s.

Rossetti, D. G. Ballads and Sonnets, large paper, one of 25 copies, olive green morocco extra, uncut, t.e.g., 1881, £6.

Ruskin, John. A series of his smaller works, 41 vols. (not first editions), uniformly bound, £25 10s.

Ruskin, J. Seven Lamps of Architecture, first edition, original cloth, 1849, £4 8s.

Shakespeare's, W., Works, the Text formed from a new collection of the Early Editions by J. O. Halliwell Phillipps, 16 vols., original half morocco, uncut, 150 copies only printed, 1853-65, £66.

Stevenson, R. L. Father Damien, an Open Letter, 1890, £2 12s. (one of thirty copies privately printed on Japanese paper).

Swinburne, A. C. A series of his books, including none of the rare original editions except 'Atalanta,' 28 vols, £24.

Swinburne, A. C. Songs before Sunrise, first edition, large paper, uncut, but much soiled, 1871, £7. (The Buckley copy, a good clean one, sold for £10 10s. a few weeks ago.)

Tennyson, A., Lord. A series of his works, including a poor "cut" copy of the 'Poems by Two Brothers,' 16 vols., uniformly bound, £29.

Yarrell, W. History of British Birds, with both Supplements, 3 vols., first edition, largest paper, half morocco extra, uncut, t.e.g. by F. Bedford, 1843-56, £16 10s.

POETRY.

ONE KISS.

Because it was so brief a thing,
The loving of this man and maid:
Because one little hour it stayed,
It cries for some remembering.
Her heart was light, and lighter his:
The weight was all Eternity's.

They had no better sign to give
Between the Garden and the grave
Than this alone they turned and gave,
As though to say to Heaven,—"We live;
Let other lips their moment miss,
Death shall not say we did not kiss!"

The tree is here, the stone is here,
And here come worthier maids and men,
Where these have loved, to dream again;
The golden silence is as clear,
But they come not, and it is this
Which consecrates their single kiss.

E. J. ELLIS.

SONNET.

They say that every honeyed word of Eve,
When still her laughing lips were innocent,
Around the bending flowers of Eden went,
And each did after its fair kind receive,
And mingling with their own delights did weave,
Each over her smooth head a shapely tent,
Made half of love, and half of their own scent,
And all may shelter here whose hearts believe.
Ah lovers! Eden-dwellers! yet be wise,
For here no weight is laid upon your powers,
Only so much of labour as the flowers
Their soft eyes counsel and their scents advise,
And all who give to these obedient hours
Re-pass beneath the sword to Paradise.

E. J. ELLIS.

THE READER.

MR. COLLINGWOOD'S 'LIFE OF RUSKIN.'*

FOR the past three years, since it became generally known that an authoritative "Life" of Mr. Ruskin was being prepared by his secretary, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, expectation has been continually alive; and it is hardly too much to say that the work has been more eagerly looked for than any book published during the present season. At length, after repeated delays, the volumes are before us, and we have an opportunity of ascertaining how much more Mr. Ruskin is willing to tell us of the history of his works and ways, than he has already communicated to his readers in the various chapters of 'Fors Clavigera' and 'Præterita.'

The project now happily completed was undertaken with Mr. Ruskin's full sanction, together with the entire co-operation and approval of the Brantwood circle. It has therefore been carried out under such circumstances as were most calculated to produce a highly satisfactory result; and the many admirers of Mr. Ruskin were fully justified in looking forward to a work which should realise in a very marked degree the anticipations that had been awakened.

The first feeling to be aroused by a perusal of the book is one of complete and bitter disappointment. Whilst Mr. Ruskin's genealogy is traced out, and his immediate ancestors are described, with all their personal idiosyncrasies recounted in detail (to the end that the influence they unconsciously exerted upon their famous descendant might be ascertained), we learn nothing new about Mr. Ruskin himself; and, with the exception of the fixing of a few hitherto uncertain dates, and the tabulation of a long series of minor movements culled from various diaries fortunately still preserved, no addition of any importance is made to our knowledge of the great Art Critic. At the same time the author has contrived to group within the covers of his two volumes a goodly array of facts. All that could be reproduced from 'Præterita' and 'Fors Clavigera'; all that could be learned from the many references scattered throughout the pages of others of his books in which Mr. Ruskin has commented upon incidents connected with his own career; all that could be gleaned from the innumerable books, pamphlets, and articles which have been written about him, have been laboriously gathered together, and systematically arranged; and to the general public the work will be welcome as the most complete and perfect account yet published of the life and labours of the most eloquent prose writer of the Victorian age. But the professed student who "knows his Ruskin" will learn no new thing, and will find these portly volumes a practically useless addition to his already over-burdened shelves.

One of the pictures Mr. Collingwood draws in his earlier chapters furnishes food for much reflection. We see the child Ruskin (possessed of a mind active beyond his years, and far too eager for the acquisition of knowledge) placed by Nature under the control of the most austere of parents; cut off from fellowship with companions of his own age, denied all such toys and petty pleasures as are enjoyed by most children at his time of life, deprived even of the "Punch and Judy" sent him as a gift by a kindly aunt, and thrown entirely upon his own resources for amusement and relaxation. We see him, from lack of other more congenial occupation, studying the colours of the carpet and the patterns of the wall-paper; and from such trivialities as these deriving intelligent enjoyment, and even practical instruction. In later days many of Mr. Ruskin's finest bursts of eloquence have been provoked by matters of seemingly minor importance, offering but slight attraction, and much of his closest and most patient investigation has been expended upon subjects which have escaped the notice of the majority of men. How large a proportion of this power of concentrating the faculties upon the smaller points of Art and Nature must be attributed to the enforced examination in early days of the pattern of wall-paper or colour of carpet? Of no other figure in the whole range of English literature can it so truly be said that "the child was father to the man"; and much might be made of Mr. Ruskin's precocity, and of the marvellous extent to which

* The Life and Work of John Ruskin. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., Editor of 'The Poems of John Ruskin,' etc. With Portraits and other illustrations. In two volumes. (Methuen and Co., 18, Bury Street, W.C. London, 1893.)

the natural bent of his early disposition foreshadowed the teaching of his maturer years. Only children, and the children of elderly parents, are at all times credited with unusual precocity; and it must not be forgotten that at the time of his birth the mother of John Ruskin was in her thirty-ninth year.

With Mr. Ruskin's marriage, and its subsequent dissolution, Mr. Collingwood rightly deals in the briefest possible manner, merely contenting himself with the barest statement of facts. But the earlier love-story of 1836—the story of young Ruskin's attachment to Miss Adéle Clothilde Domecq, the daughter of his father's Spanish partner—is treated most fully, and the incident receives a wider attention that at first sight appears to be required. But it is exactly here that Mr. Collingwood scores one of the few points which will be placed to the credit of his labours. It has always been taken for granted that the regard which John Ruskin felt for Adéle Domecq was a slight one, a mere passing boyish fancy, just such a fancy as it might reasonably be expected that a dreamy and susceptible youth would conceive for the "first really well-bred and well-dressed girl, all charming and clever and pretty," into whose society it was his fortune to be thrown. Mr. Collingwood shows us that such was not the case, but that, on the contrary, the lad was thoroughly in earnest; and that his attachment deepened into a sincere and lasting affection which not only assisted greatly in moulding his character at the period immediately in question, but also exercised a by no means inconsiderable influence upon a large portion of his future life. An immediate change took place in his attempts at authorship; diaries in verse gave place to love-poems, and prose descriptions of British or Alpine scenery were relinquished in favour of glowing romance. It is a noticeable fact that, in all the huge mass of metrical compositions produced by Ruskin, the only examples wherein the slightest touch of any real passion can be discovered are the poems addressed—avowedly or covertly—to Adéle Domecq. Mr. Collingwood reminds us how intolerable it was to Mrs. John James Ruskin that her son, "whom she had brought up in the nurture and admonition of the strictest Protestantism, should fix his heart on an alien in race and creed." We can only surmise as to what extent her influence may have been exerted to hinder her Catholic guest from entertaining any ideas in relation to her far too closely-shielded boy.

In this connection Mr. Collingwood permits himself to give utterance to a dictum so entirely without warrant that it cannot possibly be allowed to pass unquestioned. "The best love-poems," he asserts, "have been written to imaginary loves; and real-life love-letters are generally but poor literature, a cento of common-places!" To refute this strange dictum no detailed statement is necessary. We know where the best love-poems of our language are to be found, and need only cite Burns and Byron, Poe and Shelley, Robert and Elizabeth Browning—to mention our later poets only—and remember by whom the finest love-songs of each were inspired, to show the falsity and folly of the observation.

In the main Mr. Collingwood has exercised due care in his treatment of the facts at his disposal. But occasionally he has allowed himself to drift into error, and to become guilty of misstatements from which the least amount of additional time and trouble, spent in prolonging or extending his enquiries, would have saved him. At p. 5 of his second volume he informs us that the well-known 'Selections' of 1861 were chosen and arranged by Mr. W. H. Harrison; remarking, however, in a foot-note, that the Editor of the 'Ruskin Bibliography' attributes the work to Mr. W. Smith Williams, for many years literary adviser to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. A query addressed to Mr. Thornton Williams, the son of Mr. W. Smith Williams, would have placed the question beyond any doubt, as that gentleman has in his possession the following letter (hitherto unpublished) addressed to his father by Mr. J. J. Ruskin in 1861. It will probably be welcome both to Mr. Collingwood and to the Editor of the 'Bibliography,' as it settles finally the point at issue.

"Denmark Hill,
"November 25th, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am requested by Mrs. Ruskin to return her very sincere and grateful thanks for your kind consideration in presenting her with so beautifully bound a copy of the Selections from her son's writings, and which she will have great pleasure in seeing by the side of the very magnificent volumes which the liberality of the gentlemen of your house has already enriched our library with.

"Mrs. Ruskin joins me in offering congratulations on *the great judgment you have displayed in your Selections;* and joining my own thanks and those of my son for this handsome gift to Mrs. Ruskin,

"I am, my dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

"W. S. Williams, Esq."

At p. 183 of Vol. I. we read that "another friend who stood by him (Mr. Ruskin), and helped him out of himself most effectually by giving him some new work to do" (at the Working Men's College) "was Frederick Denison Maurice." Such was not the case. The person who introduced Mr. Ruskin to the Working Men's College was Dr. F. J. Furnivall. This is made perfectly clear in a letter written by Dr. Furnivall himself, which is printed by Mr. Wise as a footnote on p. 6 of the private volume of 'Letters of William Ward,' from which we printed a series of extracts last month. In that letter Dr. Furnivall recounts distinctly the means by which Mr. Ruskin was induced to take an interest in the College. "I was the only one of our set who knew Ruskin, and I didn't dare to hope that he would teach for us; but I thought he or his father might give us a subscription. So I sent him one of our circulars, and his sympathy with workers made him offer at once to take an Art Class. I think he wrote straight to Maurice, and then told me about it when I went to see him. . . . He got Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and the rest to help. . . . He took infinite pains over, and interest in, the work, and spent a lot of money upon it.

But the most grievous of Mr. Collingwood's sins in this respect is to be found in his account of Rossetti. To speak of Gabriel Rossetti as being "married and *settled in life*" is humorous enough; but when we read the following paragraph we hesitate which to wonder at most, Mr. Collingwood's ready power of imagination and invention, or his calm faith in the trusting acceptance by his readers of the information he seeks to impart:—

"He (Ruskin) tried to get Thackeray to print Rossetti's poems in the 'Cornhill,' but in vain. And as editors refused them, he made himself responsible for the cost of

their publication, both in the case of the 'Early Italian Poets,' I believe, and also in the case of the poems in 1868."

It will probably be news to Mr. Collingwood to hear that, so far from editors "refusing" Rossetti's poetry in 1868, they were particularly anxious to obtain it; and he will doubtless be surprised to learn that he has only to look over the volumes of the 'Fortnightly Review,' 'The Athenæum,' 'The Academy,' and other periodicals, to find Rossetti's poems in abundance.

Rossetti was as shy and hesitating in parting with the achievements of his pen as Mr. Ruskin was bold and eager in pushing forward his own literary productions; and it was only after many importunities from his friends that the painter-poet could be prevailed upon to publish at all. For the *Early Italian Poets* (issued in 1861) Mr. Ruskin did make himself financially responsible as Mr. Collingwood "believes"; but for the famous "Poems" of 1870 Mr. Ruskin did *not* perform a similar service, although Mr. Collingwood reports his doing so to be a fact. The "Poems" of 1870 (Mr. Collingwood inaccurately gives the date as 1868) were brought out at the sole cost and risk of their publisher, Mr. F. S. Ellis; and had the services of that gentleman not been available, there were other houses ready to produce the book upon similar terms.

A biographer, no less than a bibliographer, should never "believe;" his province is to *ascertain*; and whilst William Rossetti, William Morris, Theodore Watts, Frederick Ellis, Burne-Jones, and many other of Rossetti's intimate companions of the sixties and seventies are still alive, and their knowledge available, there can be no possible excuse for such errors as we have noticed. Mr. Ruskin's "Scotch morality" being shocked at "Jenney" is amusing enough, but the whole of the pages dealing with Rossetti need thorough revision.

Mr. Collingwood's style is too colloquial and too patronizing. Of such stuff good biographies are never made. To a large reading public the book will be welcome and acceptable—indeed it is the best we can expect for many years to come. But some day the time will arrive when it will become possible for a complete 'Life of Ruskin,' with all its romance, its vicissitudes, and its controversies, to be presented to the world—and then, given the man, another great classic may be added to our biographical literature.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The British Museum at Montague House.—Conversion of its vacant quadrangle into the present Reading Room.—The Principal Librarianship, and the organisation of the Museum staff.—Sir Henry Ellis.—Mr. Panizzi.—The Rev. Richard Garnett.—The new catalogue.—The late Serjeant Parry and Mr. Edward Edwards.—Sketch of the late Thomas Watts.—The Superintendentship of the Reading Room.

MANY are the changes, within and without, which the British Museum has undergone during the last half-century. Fifty years ago it was still Montague House—an extensive red-brick mansion, fronted by a high brick wall, through an aperture in which intending visitors, passing a French-looking lodge, were surveyed by the obesest of porters, who might have been evolved from the Fat Boy in 'Pickwick.' Montague House has disappeared, and it is needless to say what a different aspect the frontage of the Museum now presents, with its gilt railings, Ionic columns, and other stately Greek architecture. It is, however, with the Library of the Museum that I am now mainly concerned. Numerous have been, since 1843, the structural alterations and expansions of the Library. But the greatest of them all was the transformation of the spacious grass plot which was enclosed by the four wings of Montague House. It was pleasant in summer to steal away to it from the gloom of the Library proper, and in stillness and solitude look up at the blue sky. What was then a grassy quadrangle is now covered by the most magnificent of reading-rooms, from morn to dewy eve resonant with the tread of hundreds of students, authors, compilers, journalists, in quest of information of every kind, from that pertaining to the remotest antiquity down to an unknown address discoverable in the Post Office London Directory, which is not the least sedulously consulted of the thousands of volumes accessible on the shelves of the Reading Room itself.

Then, as now, the highest official functionary of the Museum was styled "Principal Librarian." The title of his office had already become somewhat a misnomer, since he had nothing to do specifically with the Library. He was the commander-in-chief, as it were, of the army of Museum *employés*, his generals and colonels being the Keepers and Assistant-Keepers of the various departments, under whom, as subordinate officers, were the assistants, lowest in the scale being an array of attendants, the rank and file of the Museum force, with their sergeants and corporals. The real head of the Library proper was and is called the Keeper of the Printed Books, as distinct from the Manuscripts, which have a keeper of their own. Under the Keeper of the Printed Books was one Assistant-Keeper—there are now three—with some eight or ten assistants, of whom there are now nearly forty. Few as were the assistants in the Library then compared with their present number, they were probably twice as many as had been found sufficient not long before. When I became one of them, they had been gradually increased in order to assist in compiling, on quasi-scientific principles, a new catalogue of the contents of the vast library, to be substituted for the old chaotic and imperfect catalogue which had become confusion worse confounded. Of the new catalogue more hereafter.

The titular Principal Librarian fifty years ago was the late Sir Henry Ellis, an antiquary of some eminence in his day and generation, the editor of 'Domesday' and of Dugdale's 'Monasticon' among other monumental works. He himself had little of the Dryasdust in his composition. He was a short, dumpy, red-faced man, so fat that he waddled rather than walked. Being apparently of a social turn, he used often to stroll about the Library and chat familiarly with the assistants—practices wholly discontinued by his successors in the Principal Librarianship. Sir Henry was full of jest and anecdote, and some of his stories were not of a kind that ought to have been told to his juniors by a senior of his age

and position in that Temple of the Muses. The real head of the Library and Keeper of the Printed Books was the well-known Panizzi. He was an Italian refugee, who, on finding shelter in England, had taught his native language in Liverpool, where Roscoe the historian introduced him to Brougham. Brougham took a fancy to him, and procured him a subordinate position in the Museum library. In the course of time, when there was a vacancy in the Keepership of the Printed Books, Panizzi was pitchforked into it, over the head of the venerable and admirable Rev. Henry Cary, the translator of the greatest poet of Panizzi's own fatherland—Dante. The appointment of a foreigner to such a position gave great dissatisfaction to the English world of letters in general and to Cary in particular, who retired from the Museum in dudgeon. Panizzi, becoming a member of the Holland House circle, and intimate with Macaulay, Hallam, and other Whigs of "light and leading," was taken a good deal of notice of in London society, which did not diminish his originally high opinion of himself. He was a big, boisterous, rather blustering man, full of likes and dislikes, a staunch friend and a dangerous foe. In striking contrast to Panizzi was the Assistant-Keeper of the Printed Books, the Rev. Richard Garnett, a philologist of great attainments and originality, and of the gentlest disposition, his shyness being only equalled by his amiability. He was the officer to apply to if a holiday was wanted and Panizzi out of the way, and it was granted as if the applicant were doing him a favour instead of asking one. He did not live long enough to succeed to the Keepership of Printed Books when Panizzi was appointed Principal Librarian. But the office which by seniority would have been the father's is now filled by the son, the eminent and amiable Dr. Richard Garnett, whose distinguished merits as a librarian and an author are too well known and widely appreciated to need a tribute of recognition from me.

Panizzi was a man of considerable energy, and his social connections aided the growth of the Library, especially through the acquisition by bequest, one due to him, of Thomas Grenville's fine collection of books. On the other hand, his unpopularity with English men of letters—with several of whom, Carlyle, Sir Francis Palgrave and Sir Harris Nicolas among them, he had bitter feuds—led the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the editor of 'Shakespeare,' and John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, to bequeath to the South Kensington Museum their valuable collections, literary and miscellaneous. Panizzi had a reputation for administrative ability. He may have deserved it, but certainly he did not show even common sense in regulating the one task to which I had to contribute a quota of performance. The new catalogue was compiled according to a code of ninety-one rules (I suppose there are now half as many again of them), for which, if they were not all of them actually drawn up by him, Panizzi was certainly responsible. Some system, of course, had to be adopted, but that which he elaborated was the very pedantry of cataloguing. Two illustrations of the absurdity which pervaded it must suffice. Suppose the work to be catalogued was the first edition of Waverley. Common sense would suggest that it should be entered under Scott. But no! according to the ninety-one rules, it had to be catalogued under Waverley, with a reference to Waverley from Scott! Still more strikingly absurd was Panizzi's mode of dealing with the first edition of Milton's Comus, the authorship of which is pretty well known to a good many persons less instructed than Lord Macaulay's Schoolboy. Because it was anonymous, the ninety-one rules bade it be catalogued not even under Comus, but under "Ludlow Castle," where, as the title-page testified, the noble "masque" had been first "presented"! Imagine this pedantry, and extended in every direction, and it will cease to be wonderful that it took more than thirty years to complete the new catalogue.

Among my cataloguing colleagues was the late John Humffries Parry, who gained afterwards some distinction at the bar and rose to be Mr. Serjeant Parry. Another was the late Edward Edwards, who wrote various commendable books on libraries and their founders, and a very creditable life of Sir Walter Raleigh. Panizzi disliked him, and after having, in consequence of that dislike, to leave the Museum, Edwards became the first librarian of the Manchester Free Library. But of the then assistants in the Museum Library the late Thomas Watts was *facile princeps*. The origin of his official connection with the Museum and his early career have been slurred over by his biographers, though they were extremely creditable to him. This is the story of both as it was told me long ago. His family, people of some substance, were the proprietors of a large public bath in the Shoreditch region (I think), known as Peerless Pool, and it was said that Watts often sat there at the receipt of custom, reading, as was his wont, many books and learning many languages. From Chinese to Icelandic, from Russian and Hungarian to Welsh, the range of his far more numerous linguistic conquests extended. He told me that he began the study of a new language in one of the translations of the Scriptures executed under the auspices of the Bible Society; and there are very few languages a mastery of which cannot be thus facilitated. In the intervals of business and of home-study, he visited occasionally the old over-crowded, stuffy, and inconvenient Reading Room of the Museum. One of his favourite studies, for its own sake, was Russian literature, and he more often asked for than received Russian books, of which the Museum Library appears to have been devoid. In consequence of Watts's repeated appeals, a batch of Russian books was at last purchased for the Library. But there was nobody in the Museum who knew Russian and could catalogue them. In this emergency Watts volunteered his services, and they were accepted. He came, he saw, he catalogued. The next step was to appoint one so accomplished and promising to be an assistant. Great accessions of books in languages then little studied were procured for the Museum through Watts's exertions. Moreover, it is pretty certain that the erection of the new Reading Room on its present site—an achievement for which Panizzi received the credit—was first suggested by Watts in a communication to the *Mechanics Magazine*, made many years before he became officially connected with the Museum. When the new Reading Room was finished, he was appointed its superintendent, as many of its frequenters still remember gratefully. At his death he had risen to be one of Panizzi's successors in the Keepership of the Printed Books, but had not lived to enjoy long his merited elevation. His personal appearance was

not prepossessing, and his manner was brusque. But with a rough exterior he had a kind heart and generous disposition. *Requiescat.*

Fifty years ago the superintendent of the Reading Room was a venerable and fine-looking old gentleman, who, in his customary suit of solemn black, and with his dignified benevolence of manner, might have passed for a bishop or an archdeacon at least. His antecedents, however, were not at all ecclesiastical. He had entered the service of the Museum in the opening decade of this century from the household of the fourth Duke of Grafton, to whom doubtless he owed his first appointment in the Library, whatever it may have been. In his Grace's household he was known as a pugilist of great skill, and in later years he was fond of reciting incidents of boxing-matches in which he had taken part. Years of service in the Library had made him familiar with the outsides of books, but very little with their contents. What a transition in the superintendence of the Reading Room from the venerable ex-pugilist to Thomas Watts and to his accomplished as well as courteous successors!

Φ

HINTS COLLECTED FROM TENNYSON'S *IN MEMORIAM* TOWARDS A BIOGRAPHY OF ARTHUR H. HALLAM.

BY THE DEAN OF ARMAGH.

[It is now half a life-time since the writer, then carefully studying the Christian evidences, cast about him for secular works on which to test the value of the evidence from undesigned coincidences which Paley and Blunt so much rely upon. In each case he first collected the undesigned incidental hints, and then compared them with such direct information as he could obtain; and it may be said in passing that his reliance upon such evidence was entirely confirmed by these experiments. But when he applied the process to *In Memoriam*, the hints collected, though scanty, had for him an independent interest, and were preserved. He is now led to think that they may interest others also.]

1. *Hallam was born in winter, and after New Year's Day.*
"It is the day when he was born." "Ice Makes daggers at the sharpened eaves." cvii. This poem follows next after that in which "The year is dying in the night."
The date is Feb. 1st, 1811.

2. *He was a student of the law.*
"Fresh from brawling courts And dusty purlieus of the law." lxxxix.

3. *Eloquent, and of conversational power.*
"The rapt oration flowing free." lxxxvii. "Thy converse held us with delight." cx.

4. *Logical.*
"Impassioned logic that outran The hearers," cix. "Keen In intellect with force and skill To strive, to fashion, to fulfil." cxiii.

5. *A lover of Nature.*
"My Arthur found your Shadows fair." lxxxix. "No low morass and whispering reed . . . or sheepwalk . . . nor hoary knoll of ash and haw . . . nor runlet . . . nor pastoral rivulet . . . but each has pleased." c.

6. *Of refined manners.*
"Noble manners, as the flower And native growth of noble mind." cxi.

7. *Master of Italian.*
"Heart and ear were fed To hear him as he lay and read The Tuscan poets on the lawn." lxxxix.

8. *Conquered scepticism.*
"He fought his doubts and gathered strength, He would not make his judgment blind. He faced the spectres of the mind And laid them." xcvi.
[Cf. Preface to *Remains of A. H. Hallam*, p. xxxi.]

9. *Had blue eyes.*
"Azure orbits heavenly-wise." lxxxvii.

10. *Apparently long acquainted with Tennyson.*
"Thou hast lost Some pleasure from thine early years." iv.

11. *Intimately so between four and five years.*
"The path by which we twain did go . . . Through *four* sweet years arose and fell . . . But when the path we walked began To slant the fifth autumnal slope." xxii.
"Those five years its richest field." xlvi.

12. *Was his college contemporary.*
"The rooms in which he dwelt . . . Where once we held debate, a band Of youthful friends." lxxxvii.

13. *Accompanied him to France.*
"We went thro' summer France," lxxi.
"My drooping memory will not shun The foaming grape of Eastern France." *Epilogue.*

14. *And to the Rhine.*
"You will see the Rhine And those fair hills I sailed below When I was there with him." xcviii.

15. *Loved his sister, successfully,*
"He told me that he loved A daughter of our house,' *Epilogue.*
"Still speak to me of me and mine." cxvi.
"A guest or happy sister." lxxxix.

16. *And was about to marry her.*
"The day was drawing on When thou should'st link thy life with one Of mine own house, and boys of thine Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee." lxxxiv.

17. *His death was sudden.*
"I wrought In that last hour to please him well . . . expecting still his advent home . . . thinking here to-day or here to-morrow will he come." vi. "That dark hand struck down thro' time And cancelled Nature's best." lxxii.

18. *In autumn.*
"The path we walked began To slant the fifth autumnal slope." xxii. "Autumn laying here and there A fiery finger on the leaves." xcix. "The ungarner'd sheaf." lxxii. "Through the faded leaf The chestnut pattering to the ground." xl. "Autumn bowers . . . These leaves that redden to the fall," xi.
[Sept. 15, 1833.]

19. *At Vienna.*
"In Vienna's fatal walls God's finger touched him." lxxxv.
"The Danube to the Severn gave The darkened heart." xix.
"Where he breathed his latest breath . . . I have not seen, I will not see Vienna." xcviii.

20. *A city which he had praised.*
"Myself have heard him say That not in any mother-town With statelier progress to and fro The double lines of chariots flow," etc. xcviii.

21. *Was brought home by Italy.*
"Fair ship that from the Italian shore Sailest." ix.
"Precious relics brought . . . The dust of him." xvii.

22. *And buried near the Severn and the Wye.*
"There twice a day the Severn fills, The salt sea-water passes by And hushes half the babbling Wye." xix.
"Thy place of rest By that broad water of the west." lxvii.

MR. HOWELLS' REMINISCENCES OF VENICE: A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. HOWELLS AND MR. H. H. BOYESEN.

[We extract the following conversation on Mr. Howells' Venetian experiences from an interesting article which will appear in the first number of *McClure's Magazine*, and of which we have been favoured with an early proof.]

Boyesen.—From Columbus you went as Consul to Venice, did you not?

Howells.—Yes. You remember I had written a campaign 'Life of Lincoln.' I was like my father an ardent Abolitionist. Governor Chase interested himself in my appointment. I went myself to Washington soon after President Lincoln's inauguration. I was first offered the consulate to Rome; but as it depended entirely upon perquisites which amounted only to 300 or 400 dollars a year, I preferred Venice. The salary was raised to 1,500 dollars, which then seemed quite respectable.

Boyesen.—Do you not regard that Venetian experience as a very valuable one?

Howells.—Unquestionably. In the first place it gave me four years of almost uninterrupted leisure for study and literary work. There was, to be sure, occasionally an invoice to be certified to, but that did not take much time. Secondly, it gave me a wider outlook upon the world than I had hitherto had. Without much study of a systematic kind, I had acquired a very good survey of English, French, German and Spanish literature. I had been an eager and constant reader, being guided in my choice of books by my own inclination. I had learned German; I had recently become familiar with Goethe, Schiller, and Uhland. Now, my first task was to learn Italian. I engaged for that purpose a Venetian priest who gave me daily lessons at a lire an hour. This priest is, by the way, Don Ippolito in 'A Foregone Conclusion.'

Boyesen.—Then he took snuff and stuffed his napkin into his collar when he dined?

Howells.—Yes, to be sure. But what interested me more about him was his religious scepticism. He used to say "the saints are the gods baptised." Then he was a kind of baffled inventor, though whether his inventions had the least merit I was unable to determine. I sympathised with all his woes to the limited extent of my vocabulary; and he made me his confidant.

Boyesen.—But his love story?

Howells.—That is wholly fictitious.

Boyesen.—I remember you gave me in 1874 a letter of introduction to a Venetian friend of yours named Brunetta, whom I failed to find.

Howells.—Yes, Brunetta was the best friend I had in Venice. He was a distinctly Latin character, sober, well-regulated, and probity itself.

Boyesen.—Do you call that the Latin character?

Howells.—It is not the conventional idea of it; but it is fully as characteristic—if not more so—than the light, mercurial, pleasure-loving type which somehow, in literature, has displaced the other. Brunetta came to the consulate on some business, and we promptly made the discovery that we were congenial. Then we became daily companions. I had a number of other Italian friends too, full of beautiful bonhomie and Southern sweetness of temperament.

Boyesen.—You must have acquired Italian in a very short time?

Howells.—Yes; being domesticated in that way in the very heart of that Italy which was then *Italia irridenta*, I could not help becoming steeped in its atmosphere and breathing in the language with the rest of its very composite flavours.

Boyesen.—Yes; and whatever I know of Italian literature I owe largely to the completeness of that soaking process of yours. Your book on the Italian poets is one of the most charmingly sympathetic and illuminative bits of criticism that I know.

Howells.—I am glad you think so; but the book was never a commercial success. Of all the Italian poets the one I delighted in the most was Goldoni. His audacious realism fascinated me. It was the sort of thing which I knew I ought nct to like; but for all that I liked it immensely.

Boyesen.—How do you mean that you ought not to like it?

Howells.—Why, I was an idealist in those days. I was only twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and I knew the world chiefly through literature. I was all the time trying to see things as Byron or Heine had seen them, and I had frequently to register the most humiliating failures. I had a notion that in literature persons and things should be nobler and better than they are in the so-called sordid reality; and this romantic glamour veiled the world to me, and kept me from seeing things as they are. But in walking through the innumerable lanes and alleys in Venice I detected Goldoni everywhere. Scenes from his plays were enacted before my eyes with all the charming Southern vividness of speech and gesture, and I seemed at every turn to have stepped unawares into one of his comedies. I believe this was the beginning of my revolt. But it was a good while yet, before I found my own bearings.

Boyesen.—But permit me to say that it was an exquisitely delicate set of fresh Western senses you brought with you to Venice. When I was in Venice in 1878, I had very much the same experience with you that you had with Byron and Heine. I could not get away from you, however much I tried. I saw your old Venetian senator in his august rags, roasting coffee: and I promenaded about for days in the chapters of your 'Venetian Life' like the Knight Huldbrand in the enchanted forest in 'Undine,' and I could not find my way out. Of course, I know that, being what you were you could not have helped writing that book: but what was the immediate cause of your writing it.

Howells.—From the day I arrived in Venice I kept a journal, in which I noted down my impressions. I found a youthful pleasure in thus registering my sensations at the sight of notable things; and literary reminiscences usually shimmered through my observations. Then I received an offer from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* to write weekly or bi-weekly letters, for which they paid me five dollars in greenbacks per column, nonpareil. By the time this five dollars reached Venice, shaved and shorn by discounts for exchange and gold premium, it had usually shrunk to half its size or less. Still I was glad enough to get it, even thus reduced, and I kept on writing joyously. Thus the book grew gradually in my hands until, at the time of my recall in 1865, I became ambitious to have it published. I offered it successively to a number of English publishers, who all politely declined it. At last, however, Mr. Trübner agreed to take it, if I could guarantee the sale of 500 copies in the United States, or induce an American publisher to buy that number of copies in sheets. I happened to cross the ocean with Mr. Hurd, of the Boston firm of Hurd and Houghton, and repeated to him Mr. Trübner's proposition. He refused to commit himself; but some weeks after my arrival in New York, he wrote to me, saying that the risk was practically nothing at all, and that his firm would agree to take the 500 copies. The book was an instantaneous success. I don't know how many editions of it have been printed; but I should say that its sale has been upward of 40,000 copies, and it still continues. The English weeklies gave me long complimentary notices, which I carried about for months in my pocket like love-letters, and read surreptitiously at odd moments. I thought it was curious that other people to

whom I showed these august encomiums did not seem much interested. My father, of course, read them with great pleasure; but an English organ-builder in Jefferson—an acquaintance of my boyhood—when I made a bid for his admiration on the ground that these opinions were British, proved utterly unresponsive.

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.*

I was standing once before the Sixtine Madonna at Dresden, when an American entered hurriedly. Glancing first at the Picture, next at me, he asked, "And you, sir, what do you make of it?" I answered modestly that I thought it remarkably fine. "You do, sir," he said, and as hurriedly departed, anxious to waste no time in a room that contained but one painting. I have wondered sometimes what I should rightly have said to him; I am wondering now what I should say about Coleridge. Nothing surely about his poems, but just a few words about this new edition. It is, certainly, by far the best that we possess; it will, almost certainly, be the standard edition to all time. To begin with, it contains no fewer than 153 pieces never before collected, and some of them even never hitherto printed. On this, however, one need set no great store. Such pieces as a rule are very brief, mere jottings often and fragments. For Coleridge, heedful of the Horatian warning against fishy conclusions, left his poems very often without any ending at all. Even of the longer pieces, *e.g.*, Parts I. and II. of 'The Three Graves,' which run to over two hundred lines, none seems very likely to add much to Coleridge's fame. Here is one, a fair sample, that was "written as nonsense verses, merely to try a metre":—

"A SUNSET.

"Upon the mountain's edge with light touch resting,
There a brief while the globe of splendour sits,
And seems a creature of the earth, but soon,
More changeful than the Moon,
To wane fantastic his great orb submits,
Or cone or snow of fire: till sinking slowly
Even to a star at length he lessens wholly.

"Abrupt, as Spirits vanish, he is sunk!
A soul-like breeze possesses all the wood,
The boughs, the sprays have stood
As motionless as stands the ancient trunk!
But every leaf through all the forest flutters,
And deep the cavern of the fountain mutters.
MS. 1805."

Secondly—and this is infinitely more important—the poems are admirably annotated. We have an appendix of eighty pages, giving Coleridge's own titles, prefaces, and contents, and also the original versions of 'The Ancient Mariner,' the 'Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni,' the 'Lines to a Gentleman' (most sorry title for a most noble poem), the 'Ode to Dejection,' etc. This appendix is followed by nearly a hundred double-column pages of notes, which seem, so far as I have tested them, to leave nothing to be desired. That, for instance, on 'Chamouni' tells how Coleridge never had seen Mont Blanc, but had seen a little German poem, 'Chamouni at Sunrise,' by Frederike Brun, and based thereon his glorious rhapsody; whilst that on 'Kubla Khan,' which, it seems now, was written after, not before, 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel,' gives Coleridge's own account of its composition, the passage from Purchas that suggested it, and Lamb's letter about it to Wordsworth.

And, thirdly, there is a 'Life of Coleridge.' Nothing very remarkable in that, it may be said; most collections of poems have a life of the poet prefixed to them. True, but in no other case probably—assuredly in no case where the poet is of the first magnitude—is such a life the authoritative life, as this is, and will be until the appearance of the long-promised biography by the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. He meanwhile has generously placed a large mass of materials at the disposal of Mr. Campbell, who moreover has had recourse to every available source of information, down to the just published life of the American painter Allston.

Of hardly any other biography could it be said that it would be twice as good if it were twice as long; it is true, notwithstanding, of this one. It is so closely printed, and so crammed with facts, that it is somewhat wearying to eye and brain. The 124 pages contain, on a rough calculation, one-third as much matter as Mr. Traill's monograph, twice as much as Mr. Hall Caine's. And Mr. Campbell has allowed himself none of the freedom that those writers quite rightly allowed themselves, so that the most cunning curtailer would find it impossible to reduce his narrative by (say) half a dozen pages without the sacrifice of much that is essential. From criticism he has wholly abstained, and wisely, for criticism is one of the chief curses of our age. If a man wants criticism of poetry, let him read the poetry for himself, and become his own critic; knowledge *about* is worth nothing compared with knowledge *of*; yet nowadays it is most men's only stock-in-trade.

On the other hand, in his striving after brevity, Mr. Campbell is sometimes obscure; for instance, he leaves one uncertain whether on his return from Italy Coleridge did or did not go down to Greta Hall. This is the greater pity because there is so much in Coleridge's life that is likely always to remain a mystery, though nothing like so much as there was before the appearance of this memoir. It clears up, or goes far to clear up, many things. Take Coleridge's marriage to Sarah Fricker, the beginning—apart from his infirmity of will—of all his unhappiness. That he was forced into it by Southey has been often denied, but is clearly established here. For he is shown to have parted in July, 1794, from his first love, Mary Evans, and proposed, a month later, to Sarah; to have left her, and long remained silent, whilst writing to Mary; and only in the following January to have been fetched to Bristol by Southey. The cause, again—Basil Montagu's worse than stupidity—of the two years' rupture with Wordsworth is here revealed; and here too we can for the first time trace clearly Coleridge's gradual addiction to opium. Relief from toothache in laudanum (April, 1798) is the earliest certain indication; a little later comes the first recourse to opium for relief from mental trouble; and by 1801 the habit had become confirmed, never, it seems, to be wholly shaken off. It is a pitiable story. "If," Mr. Campbell writes in his concluding chapter, "the somewhat fuller and more orderly presentment of what I honestly believe to be the truth be not found, on the whole, to raise Coleridge in the eyes of men, I shall, I confess, feel both surprised and disappointed." Myself, I feel surprised that Mr. Campbell could write thus; myself, I am disappointed to be quite unable to go with him. There are men whom the more one knows of them the better one loves—Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter, and Lamb are of the number. There are others of whom one cannot know too little—for admiration, that is—and of such men Coleridge is by far the greatest example.

Prostitution of genius—the phrase is a hackneyed one; of Coleridge it implies the being kept for years by a succession of protectors, who gave him, as Wordsworth puts it, "board and lodging for the sake of his conversation." No one, so far as I know, has ever calculated how much he received in downright money-gifts; it must have been over, much over, £5,000. Yet, in spite (or rather, it may be, because) of these bounties, we find the author of 'The Ancient Mariner' engaged in "writing MS. sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate that the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation sermon." Pitiful, yes, if also contemptible, but money must be got somehow for laudanum—two quarts a week sometimes, nay, sometimes a quart in one day. Money could also be got from friends; and here comes in the ingratitude and heartlessness. Poole offers £20 instead of the £50 asked, and Coleridge is "deeply hurt," he allows six weeks to pass before replying. Cottle sends but a second £5, not £30 or £40, and Cottle has received the last letter from Coleridge. Cottle, it may be

* Coleridge's Poetical Works. Edited by James Dykes Campbell. (Macmillan, 1893.)

urged, was a poor creature, and Poole of no great account; but what, then, of Coleridge's desertion of his children? That question can never be laid—Did "laal" Hartley's ruin not lie at his father's door? Of course, if greatness, actual and potential, be an excuse for everything, then Coleridge must stand excused; of course, too, if he were the mere sport of Destiny, if he could not help becoming a liar, a sponge, and an ingrate, then it is Destiny, not him, we should find fault with. Otherwise, there is a certain old story of the Talents.

Yet Charles Lamb loved him to the last, and Wordsworth, and Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy, who if things had been different, might, as Coleridge's wife, have ordered his life so well. And we, too, love his genius, as revealed in his writing, we who never fell under the witchery of his tongue. It must have been marvellous. Why was the phonograph not invented until all the great talkers were dead? Fancy Coleridge in his best pietistic mood shut up with a phonograph, what conversions it might have effected in after ages! There are plenty of small talkers nowadays whom one would like to shut up with a phonograph. For it one might smash; that could not be brought in murder.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.*

Under this name Mr. Stevenson prints, or reprints, three stories which have the common feature of a Polynesian setting and to some degree a similar significance. They form a delightful evening's reading, which the reader would gladly prolong till dawn of day, and for once in a way he will grumble at large print. For they are finished all too soon, nor is it easy to dally over them with a view of prolonging the pleasure. Numerous illustrations are added, but I am not sure if Mr. Stevenson ever gains by illustration. Mr. Hatherell at least now and then succeeds in embodying the text, most notably in his striking vision of the giant wading in the ocean. He also characterises very well the attitudes of the stupid young animal Keola, whose penitent air in the last plate is simply perfect. Sometimes, however, he is too ambitious, as at page 264, where the foreshortening of the arm and strong light on the shoulders are exaggerated, and the face strangely blurred in the attempt to represent violent action. Of the other illustrations several are tame and poorly engraved. The fancy map given is a mistake, as it bears but slightly on the narrative.

The 'Beach of Falesa' is somewhat in the same manner as 'The Wrecker.' It is put into the mouth of a beach-combing trader, and very skilfully put no doubt, but the mouth is hardly a pleasing or a mellifluous one. On the whole, it seems rather painful to have beautiful scenes and fine emotions conveyed to us in this half-educated Yankee jargon and slang. The simple, uneducated element seldom jars, but the half-educated, the stray reminders of civilization, always. This Wiltshire is not an attractive nor even a particularly interesting person, though, no doubt, fairly true to the type, as too are the other traders, or even more so. Case is indeed a perfect stage-villain, but if stage-villains are extinct elsewhere, they abound in the Pacific. On Uma, however, the author has lavished all his art. This perfect lady—for, ignorant, savage, and half-naked, she is nothing less—is drawn without exaggeration. Her native sense, her exquisite simplicity, her power of heroism and action, and her racial reverence for the white brute who has selected her—nay, more, her refining influence upon him—all these are entirely natural. The whole conception is so harmonious and self-consistent that it must be true. We find throughout a subtle contrast maintained between her Polynesian natural ethics, the Christian morality of the missionary, and the thin but wiry fibres of Anglo-Saxon practical morals which survive among the heaped-up iniquity of the trader; but all this will escape the general reader, who will hurry on to enjoy the bustle of the last pages. Though in Mr. Stevenson's vigorous, rapid manner, they are really unsatisfactory. The tragedy is not sufficiently prepared, and events are too much crowded together in a final rally.' This is a good deal owing to the artificial plot, which rather reminds one of Mr. Besant's manner. It turns upon the exposure of various hackneyed supernatural machinery invented by Case to overawe the natives. The incident seems somehow as familiar as it is improbable.

A note prefixed to the second story, 'The Bottle Imp,' tells us that the idea was taken from a once-popular English drama, and that the present version was written for a Polynesian audience. Of that play I never heard, but probably it was a compound adaptation of the 'Diable Boiteux' and the 'Peau de Chagrin.' How far, then, Mr. Stevenson has improved upon the idea I cannot tell—probably a good deal. As it stands, we have the bottle—the imp only once emerges, and is admirably represented as "something obscurely moving inside like a shadow and a fire"—the wish-fulfilling bottle, but it must be bought for money, and always resold for a lesser sum. He who dies with it in his possession is eternally lost. As, in the course of exchange, the price falls to the smallest possible coin, the horror culminates. In Balzac the doom is death; here it is hell. I suspect this change is Mr. Stevenson's doing, and it lifts the action to a higher sphere. Instead of the bare craving for a prolonged sensual life and a mere animal dread of dissolution, we find a spiritual terror and a sense of sin which, however unreasonable in this instance, at all events give play to the finest and highest emotions in these believing savages. Of course *if* you or I bought such a bottle and found that it did fulfil all our wishes, we should neither part with it nor wickedly believe that our lawful wishes would be punished by hell; nay, some would piously persuade themselves that the threat was only meant as a trial of their faith in a divinely-vouchsafed blessing. But poor simple-minded Keawe and his wife Kokua had been schooled by the missionary to tremble, not to reason; hence the story is peculiarly adapted to a half-savage stage of culture. It is just this adaptation which at once stamps the thing as a work of genius. Keawe buys the bottle, becomes rich and happy, sells it, and is about to marry his love. He finds himself a leper; for Kokua's sake he seeks out and buys the bottle and becomes whole. The price has fallen so low that he cannot resell, when the wife through a secret agent buys it herself. Keawe discovers her self-devotion, and attempts a similar deception to save her; but his agent, a godless beach-comber, having thus got hold of the talisman, refuses to give it up, and the young couple are saved. Such is the skeleton; how skilfully and picturesquely it is dressed up may readily be guessed. In just seventy pages the drama is amply worked out—every essential detail is there, every scene is complete. And yet, by odd little superfluities and trivialities the true ring is given of a rambling, half-childish native tale which is infinitely touching. This appears not only in the speeches but in the narration itself, which is Polynesian addressed to Polynesians. Perhaps this little tale should be regarded as the most ambitious and the most successful of Mr. Stevenson's essays. Nobody writes moral-allegorical tales now, because nobody knows how. The art sank with the Bourbons. Nothing is more difficult to do; nothing more exquisite when well done. Great moral truths, intense human emotions, a spice of worldly wisdom, wrought into a capricious, fantastic framework, and you have—what? Just a little tale, but somehow it becomes a classic. Such is 'Zadig'; such, too, with its added charm of far-away novelty, is 'The Bottle Imp.'

The good old fairy tale is always full of morality, the tritest and the most conventional; but this is only introduced to pass off its delicious lies. To this class belongs the 'Isle of Voices.' Here there is no tragic element, tremendous as are some of its incidents. The tone is light, and even bantering, for it is just half suggested that Keola's wondrous adventures were possibly his own invention. This Keola is as fine a creation as Keawe—a stupid, cunning big boy trying to pit himself against his father-in-law, the great magician. Yet there is no harm in him, and in his trials the resourceful side of the savage comes out well. Mr. Stevenson has caught the attitude of the native mind with his usual precision, and he ought to have given us several volumes to illustrate it, instead of these few tales. The subject is well worth it. We may never again have another opportunity such as his residence in the Pacific has afforded of seeing the human drama in its Polynesian phase. And what phase can be more charming?—so simple, idyllic, and

* 'Island Nights' Entertainments.' By R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell and Co.) 6s.

at the same time humorous. The sphere of Meadows Taylor and Morier is no doubt wider and more complicated, but not nearly so fresh and remote from our daily experience. Besides, they tell less of a naïve semi-savagery than of a decayed civilization with many repulsive features. St. Pierre's instinct was quite right—the only refuge for the modern idyll or even extravaganza is the coral island.

This story, too, is narrated in the native manner, with its delightful touches of childishness. All through you have the reflection of this grown-up child's mind, his cowardice save at a pinch, his foolish scheming, his weakness of will, his greed for dollars and concertinas, his docility and his foundation of inherited instinct and acquired practical sense. Keola is not a bad boy—he has all the qualities of an imperfectly broken collie. Yet, after all, what little there is in him is very human—pathetically human at times—so that he seems nearer to our sympathy than the trader Wiltshire. But what is most striking in the 'Isle of Voices' is its power and quality of imagination, which deserve careful attention. In the first place, the incidents, though gigantic and marvellous enough, would not frighten the smallest child. The innocent, sympathetic tone of the narrative inspires such easy confidence that we are able to revel in all its marvels, as we used to do in the twilight nursery, with a luxurious feeling compounded of imagined peril and practical security. Again, the whole tale reeks with imagination. It is delightfully irresponsible. We do not even know who is telling it—what liar is lying, or how far he is lying. All we know is that "the missionary was very sharp on Keola for taking the second wife in the low island; but for all the rest, he vowed he could make neither head nor tail of it." And after advising the young couple to ease their consciences by giving some of the magical dollars to the missionary fund, he adds, "and as for this extraordinary rigmarole, you cannot do better than keep it to yourselves." We are left to conclude that Keola and Lehua, having got into evil odour by their dubious gains, laid their heads together and gradually built up this picturesque mountain of lies. But we are not told so, and therein lies the art. Further, the story itself, its marvellous incidents, its supernatural trappings are startling in their power of imagination. There is nothing one forgets faster than the savage myths one reads in anthropological works, so I dare not pronounce that the finest ideas are not borrowed from native sources. Two, however, if not quite original, are surely highly modified. The one is the magnificent incident of the magician swelling to gigantic stature, wrecking the boat and poor Keola, and, with lamp held aloft, wading home through the ocean breast-high—"and the swell beat and burst upon his bosom as it beats and breaks against a cliff." The other is the conception of the Isle of Voices—to me at least entirely novel. Thither from all the world come the warlocks unseen on their flying mats, light their fires of magic leaves, and collect the shells which turn to gold. But the island-dwellers see only the little fires spring up and die on the strand, and hear the voices of the unseen visitors. This may well stand beside the Inferno. The climax is superb, where the faithful wife arrives on her father's stolen mat, and her Voice calls Keola, and she hurriedly heaps her fire, and as it dies they are wafted away, while the battle between the desperate islanders and the "wizards, the viewless ones, roaring out aloud like bulls upon a mountain," is waging. What a scene!—"the man-eaters huddled back to back," "the hue of fear was on all their faces—their voices went up to heaven shrill as a weasel's cry"—"the crash of many axes wielded over against them by unseen hands"—what rush of action! what fury of terror! and all the while the breathless lovers in agony speeding the magic fire to set them free! Three stronger, richer pages never were written; every line is the fruit of study and calls for study; yet how many a reader, to his shame, will gallop through them, murmuring "Capital!" and then—time being, you know, so very precious—begin at once on some three-volume dreariness "which has to be read because everybody is reading it." For him this ghostly Isle of Voices was not invented but for those who will again and again revisit it in the spirit under the magician's guidance. For appreciating this beautiful gift they may be called fanatics, but Time will be their vindicator, and meanwhile the purest and most unaffected pleasure is their consolation. Only they complain sometimes to themselves that the wizard who has called to light this new treasure from the islands of the far sea, this new mine of golden fable, should scatter his largess thus sparingly.

Y. Y.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. JOHN BROWN.*

Those who knew Dr. John Brown himself, and those who know merely his writings, will alike be glad to have this little book; others we counsel to read first and re-read the 'Horæ Subsecivæ.' It does not tell much that is absolutely new; there was not much, indeed, to be told, for Dr. John Brown's life was as simple and transparent as his essays. One thing we learn, that the story of 'Rab' took place in the December of 1830, and that the "Howgate" of that story is not the Howgate near Penicuik, but a country town—Dr. Peddie might have said which. And there are twenty-seven letters by Dr. John Brown, one of which describes his first meeting with Thackeray, another contains a most excellent criticism of Landor. "You should try," it says, "and read his 'Shakespeare's Trial'; it is an extraordinary feat, but not a thing to be praised for much more than his showing how nearly it is possible, and how altogether it is impossible, for one man to be out and out any other man for a length of time." Two months after the death of Mrs. Brown, his "*sine qua non*," as he had loved to call her, a friend sent Dr. John Brown a letter she had written twenty-two years before to a mother bereaved of her child. Her letter, which is printed here, is a touching one, and so, too, is Dr. John Brown's acknowledgment: "My dear Friend, I shall never cease to be grateful to God, to you, and to my darling for this letter. J. Brown." One small mistake may be noted. John Brown of Haddington, of the 'Self-interpreting Bible,' was a herd-laddie, not on the Lomonds, but on the hillsides above the round tower of Abernethy.

TEN BRINK'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.†

After a somewhat long interval, the first part of the second volume of the late Professor Ten Brink's masterly history has been made accessible to the English reader. It is a case, however, in which one is disposed to recall the Hesiodic saying that "the half is more than the whole"; for a little additional delay would have provided the translator with the means of adding materially to the value of his book. Almost simultaneously with it, appeared the long-desired second part of the second volume of the original work, carrying on the story to the accession of Elizabeth, and supplying a series of valuable notes in an Appendix to which tantalising references are made throughout the text. The absence of this Appendix will no doubt be remedied when the translation of the second part appears, but in the meantime it is a palpable want. In other respects, the translation, though giving little idea of the beauty and force of Ten Brink's German, appears to be fairly adequate; while the translator's Table of Contents is in some respects fuller, and thence more serviceable, than that drawn up, independently, for the whole volume by Ten Brink's editor and successor, Prof. Brande. On the other hand, we have one rather serious charge to make, which, with every sense of the labour spent upon his work, we cannot in duty to our readers, suppress. A famous Italian translator of Homer, who knew little Greek indeed but a great deal of Latin, was celebrated by a critic of his nation, caustically as "Gran traduttor' de' traduttor' d'Omero." Dr. Robinson has, not habitually, but in several marked cases, "translated the translator," instead of going direct to his English sources. No doubt the translation is faultlessly correct; but then it is identity and not equivalence that is required. Thus, when Ten Brink renders the title of an English Morality, 'The Castle of Perseverance,' by '*Das Schloss der Beharrlichkeit*,' and Dr. Robinson renders this by 'The Castle of Constancy,' one can but compliment him on the excellent German scholarship which led him so near the

* 'Recollections of Dr. John Brown.' By Alexander Peddie, M.D. (London: Percival and Co.)

† 'History of English Literature.' By Bernhard ten Brink. Vol. II. Translated by W. C. Robinson. (Bell.)

truth. Similarly, when *Mind Will and Understanding* appears as "Spirit Will and Understanding," and *Everyman* as "Everybody," what hard heart will refuse to recognise this testimony to his gift as a translator? Again, though here merely an error of judgment can be concerned, why should Ten Brink's prose rendering of the [Shipman's] Prologue be rendered, not into the verse of Chaucer, but into the prose of Dr. Robinson? Here is the beginning, for instance:—"*Our Host stood up in his stirrups anon, and said: Good men, hearken all; this was a thrifty tale for the nonce. Sir Parish Priest, quoth he, by God's bones, tell us now a tale, as you formerly promised. I see well, by God's glory, that you learned men understand these things excellently.*" And so on. Is this so much more lucid, or forcible, or pithy, or melodious, or dramatic than the original?

> "Our hoste upon his stiropes stood anon,
> And saydē, good men, herkeneth everich on;
> This was a thrifty tale for the nones!
> Sir parish prest,' quod he, 'for goddēs bonēs,
> Tel us a tale, as was thy forward yore.
> I se wel that ye lerned men in lore
> Can moche good, by goddēs dignitee!" etc.

We should have preferred, too, that where the text of Chaucer is really quoted, the translator should not have fallen back on the antiquated edition of Tyrwhitt. The explanations tendered in the notes are also sometimes misleading. "Ground" for *grint* (grinds), p. 127, may be a slip, but it is one which should not be possible to the author of a treatise on 'Our Early English Literature,' which we learn from the title-page that Dr. Robinson is. We must confess that, should some foreign critic, taking up this book, scornfully remark that, even when a foreigner had written our best history of Middle English literature, we had not English scholarship enough to do it justice, he would have—not good reason, for the translation with all its defects is a serviceable piece of work—but a sufficient excuse for the criticism.

For a review of the original work it is now somewhat late in the day. And the present writer has little to modify in a review contributed four years ago to the *Academy*, in which he attempted to do justice to its remarkable qualities. It deals with a period divided sharply—by the death of Chaucer—into two phases of very different character, and calling out very different faculties in the historian. On the one hand the age of Chaucer itself, with its wealth of splendid and positive achievement in literature; on the other hand, the fifteenth century, a time of feeble echoes and faint prognostications, interesting rather for what it recalls and for what it prepared, than for what it actually produced. It was in Chaucer that the historian first won his spurs; his 'Chaucer Studies' laid the foundation of Chaucerian Chronology, his treatise on Chaucer's Language and Metres is an almost flawless masterpiece. The account given of Chaucer is, in combined breadth and delicacy, in keen comprehension both of the man and of the contemporary conditions by which his life and work were determined, unsurpassed, if it be equalled, though the necessity for a translation of it is much less urgent since the appearance of Mr. A. Pollard's quite exemplary Chaucer 'Primer' (Macmillan, 1893). But perhaps the less rich and attractive period even better displays Ten Brink's faculty of drawing out the soul of goodness in things dull, and finding new and valuable ways of viewing what for a less refined critic is the merest dust and drift of literary fact. The treatment of the beginnings of the drama is far more in advance of anything which preceded it in English than was his account of Chaucer. No one for instance had applied to it the suggestive discrimination of local and racial characteristics with anything like equal skill. Thus, at the outset the fruitful remark is made, that the *Mysteries* struck root chiefly in the old Anglian territory (that is the country north of Essex and the Thames), the *Legends* in the Saxon south. The recent publication of the York plays gave Ten Brink an advantage of a more accidental kind over previous historians of the Mysteries, but he used it to the full. One little point we may notice, on which Ten Brink would, we believe, had he lived, have withdrawn a view here expressed. The Morality of 'Everyman' already mentioned, has been shown, we think conclusively, by Prof. Logeman of Ghent, to be, not originally English at all, but an imperfect and clumsy rendering of the Dutch Morality of similar title, which is far its superior in literary quality. Its combination of a grand motive with very feeble execution is thus satisfactorily explained. We may add also that, in the Appendix, Ten Brink virtually concedes the justice of the theory now commonly accepted in England, that the variously named 'Pilgrim' who interrupts the impending Tale of the Parson, in the prologue quoted above, is really the Shipman, not as the text holds, and as many of the MSS. assert, the Somnour.

C. H. HERFORD.

DR. MACDONALD'S HEATHER AND SNOW.*

Dr. Macdonald's 'Heather and Snow' is quite up to the level of his best work, worthy to rank with 'Alec Forbes,' 'David Elginbrod,' and 'Robert Falconer.' He is again in Aberdeenshire, on the ground where he is strongest; and the comparative brevity of the book prevents the excessive sermonizing by which he has left so many readers far behind him. Dr. Macdonald's chief endowment is what Emerson called "musical eyes"—a swift perception of all beauty—especially beauty of soul. He has never done anything better in its way than the picture of the great snowstorm which occurs here. But he is still more at home in the spiritual realm, and it deserves specially to be noticed that he believes in a perfection of nature as well as in the perfection won through religion. It is hard for him, perhaps impossible, to dissever the two, but in the Scottish farmer, his wife, his daughter, and even his son, we have natures into which no thought of disobedience has ever entered—strong in the "funded virtues" of many good humble folk gone by. It is impossible to discuss any book of Dr. Macdonald's without referring to the religious element. Here it seems more pervasive than ever. Its expression, happily, even in the trying passages where he tells the history of "God's fool," is never mawkish. The writer says what he feels, and does not go beyond his feeling. Of him, Mr. Pater's fine words are pre-eminently true: "The infinite future had invaded his life perceptibly to the senses, like an ocean felt far inland up a tidal river." Dr. Macdonald's book is full of genius; it should gather round him all his admirers, and add vastly to their number.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

LORD SHERBROOKE.†

"Robert Lowe had the rare merit," says his biographer, "of never being commonplace." It is a great privilege to be the chronicler of so very uncommon a personage, and Mr. Patchett Martin has set himself to earn the privilege. By great industry and research he has brought to light much that is of interest in Lord Sherbrooke's career, and in this he has had the assistance of many eminent persons, kinsfolk, personal friends, and colleagues. The extracts from speeches, articles, and correspondence touching on his public life are well selected, but they do not perhaps form the most interesting part of the book. His public acts are now judged, very reasonably on the whole, and there is not much in the judgments which, even in the light of the facts as stated here, calls for revision yet. He had many principles, but it would baffle anyone to say what was his political point of view. His politics were in bits. At least, to understand them as a whole, you have to examine the man away from public life. And his personality has always been but half-guessed, misunderstood, just because at so few points did he touch the commonplace.

The gist of Lord Sherbrooke's life is contained in a chapter of autobiography, which breaks off, however, very abruptly. Perhaps no man ever deceived himself less. He knew his own worth, and could assert it, but unlike most persons who have this self-knowledge, he never overestimated himself. He looked his own defects and disadvantages in the face. The disadvantages were great, and have never been enough appreciated. There is not a trace of self-pity visible anywhere, but for all his magnificent pluck

* 'Heather and Snow.' By George Macdonald. Two vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

† 'Life and Letters of Viscount Sherbrooke.' By A. Patchett Martin. 2 vols. (Longmans.)

the story of his defects of sight and his constant efforts to make up for these is a very pathetic one. His unpopularity he was well aware of. He is possibly right in attributing it largely to this physical defect: "I could not see the face of the witness whom I was examining, I could not see the faces of the jury whom I was addressing, and worst of all I could not see the impression I was making on the House of Commons, and have often for want of this faculty fallen into mistakes which I could gladly and easily have avoided. . . . I could not conciliate my victims or my antagonists because I could not find them." This does not explain everything, of course. A man who never on any occasion fawns or represses his tendency to joke is never really popular. And that he did not "suffer fools gladly" was always apparent. Many who feel the force of Lowe's powerful intellect—for sheer intellectual force, who among statesmen within the last thirty years has surpassed him?—and see the practical ineffectiveness of his political career, may desire to account for this failure by some strain of unpractical idealism running through him, some dreamy tendency, high gifts, but inconvenient to him. They will not find a vestige of support to this theory here. He was no dreamer, he repeatedly said. He thanked Heaven he was not made "over sensitive or poetical." For material success he plodded and fagged—though "he always cared more for the fight than for the prize."

It is the cheeriest book to read. Among diverse virtues and failings, Lowe had that magnificent quality—he never whined. "Nature had given me as some compensation for many deficiencies, excellent health, good spirits, an easy temper, and a heart which has never failed me in all my trials and difficulties." As to his health, did not a brother statesman say?—"Travelling on one occasion with him from Scotland, I awoke at four o'clock in the morning, and found him eating apples, at that unearthly hour, with considerable gusto." His ineffectiveness was probably owing to a certain irresponsibility of temper, and to what the Hon. Lionel Tollemache calls his tendency to be "dazzled by sidelights." And he did not overcome this tendency so successfully as his friend seems to think. Lord Sherbrooke was perfectly capable of holding two opinions at the same time—or rather his opinions and his wit did not run together in harness. If the subject of the equator had come within the range of controversy he would have appreciated its solemn function in the universe, but for the life of him he could not have helped making a joke at its expense. In much the same way—and luckily, too—his intellectual sympathies were not limited by his political principles. Revolution he detested, but he would ring out, "Who fears to speak of '98," with keen enjoyment. To his irrepressible fun his biographer does full justice, and the instances, old and new, light up the two bulky volumes with constant flashes. Indeed as one notes them one can understand how he riled persons and classes with his bantering, biting tongue and pen—in the House, when he said that "instead of Scotland having sixty members he would prefer her to have one member with sixty votes;" or in his leading articles, on legal reform for instance, "If the University and colleges of Oxford were abolished, and the powers of giving degrees were conferred on the landlords of the 'Angel,' the 'Star,' the 'Roebuck,' and the 'Mitre,' they could not be less fitting depositaries of the trust than the four Inns of Court have shown themselves to be," etc.; in his early letter to the Sydney newspaper that slandered him, "As you seem rather at a loss for something to use against me at the present time, I will take the liberty of suggesting a few topics myself. I ride a very ugly horse, that clearly proves me an Atheist, for who else could be so insensible to the beauties of the noblest animal of the creation? I live in a small house, which clearly shows I must have a contracted mind, and I am sometimes known to play at billiards, which shows a strong though, it may perhaps be expedient in candour to admit, not quite fully developed propensity for gambling." That his bantering was often schoolboyish did not seem to take the edge off the offence; and from the world's point of view his unpopularity was richly deserved.

His personality asserted itself in things small and great. He had no wild eccentricities, but he never owned the social duty of conventionality. Yet he was by no means all angles. There is testimony in abundance to the genuine charm of his character. "He was," says Sir John Simon "the least cantankerous of men." Narrow and bigoted he could be. He was generally magnificently just. And with his kindheartedness, his love of good letters, his appreciation of real ability, his incorruptibility, and his wit, where shall we find in our time an Englishman more richly endowed?

G-Y.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.*

Among literary critics of our day, Mr. Ashcroft Noble is entitled to a high place. There are critics who reach classical heights and metaphysical depths which he does not attempt. It is Mr. Noble's distinguishing merit that he knows what he can do, and, avoiding any wasteful dissipation of his powers, does that efficiently. His knowledge of English literature is extensive and thorough, and he has insight worthy of his knowledge. As an English critic of English literature, his place is in the front rank. That some writers of quite inferior calibre are more talked about is a tribute to their talent for pushing themselves into notice. The man of letters, as distinguished from the literary man (the maker and purveyor of that literary confection which Mr. Robert Buchanan has termed *mere* literature) has rarely the skill, to say nothing of the will, to force his wares upon the public. For the most part he leaves them to stand or fall by their own merit, and not the imputed merit of log-rolling and puffing. In the case of Mr. Noble, there is another reason why his name, well known in literary circles, is not so familiar to the general public as his long service would seem to warrant. Much of his work—some of his best work—has been journalistic and often unsigned. Wise editors who knew good and conscientious criticism when they saw it, employed his pen. Thus in the pages of the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, the *Manchester Examiner*, the lamented *Anti-Jacobin*, the *British Weekly*, and other journals, readers have had their thought stimulated and their minds enlightened by Mr. Noble, without always knowing who was their benefactor.

Of course some writers would have gathered their fugitive pieces into volumes and called them books; and in Mr. Noble's journalistic work there is much material which deserves to be saved from oblivion. But it is characteristic of the true man of letters that he esteems "the thing called a Book" too highly to give book form to writing which belongs, essentially, to the hour. Four books, if I mistake not, are all Mr. Noble has produced. Comparing the first, the 'Pelican Papers,' with the volume before us, we find the same delicate handling of subjects and grace of style, but the touch is stronger now and the judgment more confident. Individuality of character is unmistakable in the openness to receive new evidence, united with the strength to resist all but thought-out conclusions.

This being so, whatever Mr. Noble has to say commands attention and respect. He may fail to convince, but will be sure to instruct. His essay on 'The Sonnet in England' when first printed was the most authoritative exposition of the subject that had appeared. It was responsible for many other essays which followed but did not supersede it, and, I fear, for a great deal of the drivel in sonnet form which has flooded the verse market during the decade just past. That most lovable of men and writers, Leigh Hunt, is the subject of an appreciative essay, partly defensive of his memory. "It is strange," says Mr. Noble, "that we should have no adequate record of the life of Leigh Hunt." If sympathetic understanding and a certain mental and spiritual kinship count for anything, Mr. Noble himself is he man fitted for the task. The other contents of the book include another fine piece of appreciative criticism devoted to Mr. Robert Buchanan, a thought-inspiring essay on 'The Poetry of Common Sense,' and, in the account of 'Hawker of Morwenstow,' an excellent specimen of what a biographical sketch should be. Mr. Noble has a quietly persistent humour of his own, oftenest bright, sometimes sarcastic, occasionally indignant, never spiteful. The total impression left by his work is of its reality; it is adequate to the occasion, consists, not of shams or imbecilities, but of living thought, and, obviously, behind all, is not an echo, but a man.

WALTER LEWIN.

* 'The Sonnet in England, and other Essays.' By J. Ashcroft Noble. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) 5s. net.

MADAME DE KRÜDENER.*

The Life and Letters of Madame de Krüdener, the once famous evangelist, can be recommended to readers with confidence. Her English biographer—strange to say, she has one now for the first time—presents her in a sympathetic fashion, seeing some shadows on her perfection, but convinced nevertheless that her career is an edifying one. So it is. But I venture to think its edification exists more for students of human nature than of Christian doctrine and practice. French judgments of her have often been at fault. With all her unlikeness to us, we, with our larger experience of religious revivals, are more in a position to understand her. Mr. Ford does well to protest against the foolish accusations that have been insinuated against her in the histories and memoirs of her time, where she appears as a very considerable figure. The vulgar hypocrite and impostor theory is altogether inadequate to explain her case. The proof of her sincerity is of the most reliable nature, and only after granting it does the fascination of her history become apparent. But Mr. Ford shows little insight; his inferences want subtlety. His point of view is substantially that of her former biographer, M. Eynaud, and yet it is difficult to see how any one reading the facts which they both give can fail to draw most of the inferences that the disillusioned Sainte-Beuve did in his second essay. Let novelists of a psychological bent turn their minds to her. She is a rich mine to draw from, this Russian baroness, with her brilliant career, her ups and downs of fortune, her ambitions superficially so different at different times, and yet substantially the same, starring it in Russian embassies and Paris salons, spiritually directing the Czar of all the Russias, or dining off black bread and potatoes in a Swiss peasant's hut. From the first her most vital trait was a hatred of conventionality. It was mingled with a love of startling effects, a capability for sincere enthusiasm, a delight in wielding power. Her career might, of course, have been very different, and yet, seen in its sequence, it seems to have the inevitability of fate. A little German-Russian, beautiful in an irregular way, and imperfectly educated, she was married while yet a child to a stiff and worthy Livonian baron, was flattered and spoilt in the brilliant circles of Venice and Copenhagen, till fashion and gaiety grew dull, and she took to breaking hearts for amusement. When that palled, she worked herself up into a "grande passion" and a scandal. In Paris she flung herself at the feet of the literary lions, cared for nothing but literature and art and the joys of nature. She rambled into the country with St. Pierre, and wrote to her friends: "In the midst of all the luxury and senseless pleasure of Copenhagen, I remained simple and true, and always in harmony with nature." That was about the time she ran up a dressmaker's bill of £800. While the Baron was at Copenhagen in dull splendour, she was scampering about Barèges, scandalizing society by her mad pranks, into which she led an admiring band of friends, a veritable Queen of Bohemia. And a Bohemian she was to the end of her days.

Literature on her own account was her next excitement, and her romance of 'Valérie' is a very creditable performance, as readable now as the greater part of 'Delphine.' Her Maxims, too, if not brilliant exactly, pass muster in a form of literature where wit always causes a thrill of incredulous surprise. The story of the production of 'Valérie' has been said to be "un des plus piquants que nous offre l'histoire secrète de la littérature." No success is to be had without charlatanism, she said, and so unblushingly and skilfully did she play the charlatan, that we open our eyes with cynical admiration. Had she lived to publish books in our days, Mr. Besant need not have been called on to protect her.

Then she took to religion—to mysticism, which attracts high imaginations, but is also a hospitable refuge for the misty in mind. The change in her nature was hardly so radical as Mr. Ford would have us think. Madame de Krüdener always thought it worth her while to win a smile from a beggar, but she knew she was fit to bring down higher game. Her eyes were warily but steadfastly fixed on the Czar, and some of the wirepulling which had made 'Valérie' a success, was evidently set in motion. Her intercourse with Alexander at Heilbronn and Paris, the mixture of outspokenness, pious commands, and subtle flattery, in her words to him, her triumph at the "Camp des Vertus," are singular pages in history. Her *mise en scène*, in Paris as everywhere else, was carefully prepared—no mirrors, "a few rush-bottomed chairs, and nothing beyond the barest necessaries." (Even at the last, when in disgrace at St. Petersburg, she longed to show the ingratitude of princes by going out of the city on foot, but Alexander coerced her into going in a carriage.) All Paris flocked to the services in her salon. The visitors, however, were differently impressed. Benjamin Constant was much moved; Chateaubriand, an old friend, came, but was bored. Others were still more irreverent in regard to her propaganda; Castlereagh, for instance, when he was asked by the Czar about the English signature to the Holy Alliance—at least, indirectly the work of Madame de Krüdener. "The Duke of Wellington," he writes to Lord Liverpool, "happened to be with me when the Emperor called, and it was not without difficulty that we went through the interview with becoming gravity."

There was no quarrel with Alexander at this time. Perhaps he, too, was finally bored, and henceforth she had to look to other than Imperial fields for work. In her later days in Baden, Switzerland, and Russia, her charity and her courage under persecution were boundless. She was the dupe of fools and knaves, and of herself, but her prophecies and miracles were clearly ingenuous. Her cheerfulness under hardship is not all to be attributed to religious principle. Living in peril of her life almost, and from hand to mouth, at war with the authorities, converting the gendarmes set to watch her house, appealing eloquently to Europe for the poor and distressed, and to the Czar in behalf of Greece, was doubtless a life admirably suited to her courageous, adventurous, excitable temperament. In the opportunities given her for definite service—almsgiving excluded—she seems to have markedly failed. But she was doubtless a potent influence over countless emotional natures. Worldliness and unworldliness were perhaps never so closely blended; vanity and sincerity never before dwelt in such amity together. The type is not a rare one. Every movement has its Madame de Krüdener. But it is rare to see it in such perfection, and in so fascinating a shape.

G-Y.

* 'The Life and Letters of Madame de Krüdener.' By Clarence Ford. (A. and C. Black.)

HANDBOOK OF GREEK AND ROMAN PALÆOGRAPHY.*

An introduction to a most difficult and a most important subject by the man most pre-eminently qualified in Europe to speak with authority on the subject is not to be lightly criticised, at least not by me: one receives it with thankfulness, and asks for more. It is enough to say that the exposition is clear, simple and business-like; that the fundamental ideas and facts connected with the subject in its widest scope are stated in such a way as to be intelligible and interesting to every educated reader, and that the numerous admirably selected specimens of writing range in date from the third century B.C. to the year 1673 A.D.

After a brief account of the origin of the Latin alphabet from one of the many Greek alphabets, of the Greek from the Phœnician, and of the Phœnician from the Egyptian Hieratic (for Dr. Thompson accepts this last derivation, which is not universally believed in, but which I have always been unable to disbelieve since, as an undergraduate, I heard Prof. Max Müller expound it so plausibly), we find in six chapters a very good account of writing materials and implements, of books and their forms, of punctuation, accentuation, cryptography, abbreviations, and numerous other accessory subjects. Then follow five chapters on Greek, and seven on Latin palæography. The book concludes with an account of the various methods of dating used in MSS., and a list of works on the subject.

It is a special branch of science to classify handwritings according to period and nation; and many of the most delicate processes of reasoning used in modern scholarship are founded on this classification. The faculty of assigning the date and origin of a new MS. and of detecting a

* 'Handbook of Greek and Roman Palæography.' By E. M. Thompson, D.C.L., etc. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

forgery, or confidently deciding on the genuineness of a MS., therefore, is of the highest value; but it cannot be acquired,—as one might almost think from a perusal of Dr. Thompson's preface that it could be,—by every scholar who will give a little time and attention to it. Such a power comes only of a certain genius trained in a life spent among MSS.; and it is better that the scholar should not pride himself too much on possessing the faculty, but should go humbly to authorities like Dr. Thompson, and accept their opinion implicitly. There are so many considerations which may tend to bias the scholar's opinion, that it is often best for him not to have one. It is only when he goes to the library of some distant monastery on Mount Sinai or elsewhere, where the great authorities have not penetrated, that he is justified in offering his own opinion; and even in such cases most scholars will be glad when they can bring their photographs home and submit them to Dr. Thompson. But, short of this supreme power, a certain degree of familiarity with the methods and principles of forming a judgment is most valuable; and Dr. Thompson rightly pleads in favour of encouraging it to a much greater extent in our system of higher education. Every one can, of course, learn for himself to consult and to make good use of almost any MS. connected with his subject; but a great deal more than that—which is all that this poor reviewer possesses—might be usefully acquired by scholars, and must be acquired by them if they would decipher for the first time a MS. From every point of view this work is welcome. W. M. RAMSAY.

THE REFUGEES.*

Of the often-quoted dangers a novelist encounters when he ventures into the regions of history, Mr. Conan Doyle has, at all events, escaped one. He has spared us some of the remembrance of his reading. At no point is the tale overloaded with historical or scenic lore. The material indeed is of the simplest—for one continent, some scenes in the life of the Grand Monarque and his court at Versailles in its decadence: Mesdames de Montespan and de Maintenon, the fallen and the rising stars, a few stock personages, such as Bossuet, Louvois, Père la Chaise. For the other, still less. And so far good. The scantiness of the detail is all in favour of imagination having free play. But, unfortunately, his imagination has failed him in the historical chapters of the novel, and Louis, Bossuet, Racine, Corneille (the less), Madame de Maintenon, and the others are dwarfed and stiffened out of life. Their characteristic speeches have the effect of labels fastened on to help in their identification. No doubt Louis said, or adopted, the famous 'L'Etat c'est Moi.' But that is an excellent reason why a novelist who wishes to make the king act his part to the life, should be chary of putting the actual words into his mouth. Madame de Maintenon is made to overdo the *rôle* of virtue, and is represented as an unattractive schoolmarm. Many will wish the scene with Corneille had been omitted. It is there to no purpose. And though it is only Thomas, still there was enough family likeness between him and the proudest, the most uncourtier-like of poets to make the fawning improbable. Even his recent election to the Academy could hardly have reduced him to such a reptile condition. If Thomas Corneille ever was actor in such a scene it might have remained unrecorded here.

But the historical part should not be taken too seriously. After all it is the unhistorical Huguenot refugees, de Catinat, the gallant Frenchman, and his brave Adèle, with Amos Green, the stalwart young hero from the Maine forests, that we are meant to be interested in. And as Mr. Conan Doyle can always tell a story, their adventures are really entertaining. In the little craft of Ephraim Savage, the pious new Englander, they escape to the New World, there to fall into new perils from the terrible Iroquois, who are at war with the French. There is scalping, and burning, and torturing to a terrible extent, but our little band escape. The personages on the American side of the water, historical and otherwise, are certainly not puppets. Amos Green is a bigger Harry Sandford. He has a limited admiration for civilization, and, true to the traditions of his kind, his unsophisticated honesty of nature is joined to a native shrewdness beside which the mere training of courts and camps shows at a disadvantage. Perhaps there is a little too much of the burlesque about him. On his first day in Paris he says, "Must I sleep in a room?" Then, stepping across to the window overlooking the courtyard, "Ah," he cried, "there is a beech-tree there, mademoiselle, and if I might take my blanket out yonder." He finds it hard to find his way about the wilderness of Paris, but he has his plans of self-guidance. "If I can but see the stars, it will be easy for me to know how to walk when I would find the house again. In the daytime I can carry a knife and notch the doorposts as I pass, for it might be hard to pick up one's trail again, with so many folk ever passing over it." With such a fresh child of nature the path through the story cannot be dull.

In one respect Mr. Doyle has really shown originality. He has invented no love complications. A mere commonplace storyteller would have made Amos and de Catinat quarrel for the hand of Adèle. But no; Amos, it is true, hangs a man by the feet from a balcony who insults her. But he doesn't fall in love with her. Very sensibly he marries "a Dutch maiden of Schenectady," whose acquaintance we are not privileged to make.

* 'The Refugees: A Tale of Two Continents.' By A. Conan Doyle. 3 vols. (Longmans.) 25s. 6d.

SCOTTISH BALLADS.*

Mr. Eyre-Todd has followed up his earlier volumes illustrative of Scottish Poetry—'Early Scottish Poetry' and 'Mediæval Scottish Poetry'—by a very well selected book of ballads. To an editor planning a book of this kind there are difficulties at the outset. He has to decide whether he should work from a literary or an antiquarian standpoint. He has to consult his editorial conscience as to how far it will permit him to interfere with doubtful texts, or to accept the emendations of past editors; and the space at his command decides whether he can enjoy the luxury of letting his readers judge between different versions. Mr. Todd has chosen an intelligible plan, and doubtless, for his purpose, the best one. He has not given, so far as he could avoid it, collated versions—the collations, as in Chambers and Aytoun, often only striving after smoothness and specious completeness; and he has no room to give all the renderings like Professor Child. So he has picked out what he thinks the best untampered-with version, and his literary judgment will in most cases be accepted. Perhaps he has not chosen the most vigorous rendering of 'Marie Hamilton,' and on the whole, since the two might not appear, I should have preferred the more uncouth 'Glasgerion' to 'Glenkindie.' One misses 'Unworthye Barbara Allen,' 'Annan Water,' too, and 'The Laird o' Logie.' Perhaps a few more ballads with refrains might have been given—'Hynd Horn,' for instance, one of the sprightliest.

> "O, I never saw my love before,
> *With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;*
> Till I saw her thro' an auger bore,
> *And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.*"

And yet to make room, what could have been omitted? Only one. It must be a pleasure to an editor to make a statement like this: 'The Bluidy Stair' "is here, it is believed, printed in a ballad collection for the first time." But judged by the standard of the rest it is miserable. Lines like

> "Darkness dons her blackest dress,
> And midnight marks the hour,"

and

> "A struggle was heard on the chapel stair,
> And a smothered shriek of pain—
> A deadened groan, and a fall on the stone—
> And all was silent again,"

disprove its remotest kinship with the others.

The notes are compiled mostly from the researches of former editors—sometimes they are but a paraphrase of Scott's—but they answer their purpose. The glossary is scanty enough, but the general meaning of the words is correctly given. The editor, by-the-bye, has adopted Lockhart's

* Scottish Ballad Poetry. Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. (Glasgow: W. Hodge.) 5s.

reading of "fashes in the flood." It has always seemed at least a doubtful one. Mr. Todd's preface shows by its enthusiasm that he has not made this selection from a mere book-making motive. It is nevertheless rather commonplace in tone, and sometimes even astonishingly trite.

As a popular selection this one cannot replace Scott's 'Minstrelsy,' though it is more homogeneous, and very carefully selected. But it will delight all true lovers of romance, for it contains some of the richest blossoms of Scottish poetry. Why has this series so dreary an outside?

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SOME FRENCH WRITERS. By Edward Delille. (Chapman and Hall.)

These are essays on interesting men, Loti, Bourget, Baudelaire, Maupassant, Verlaine, and Barrès, with a chapter on card-sharping in Paris and a lurid one descriptive of a Bohemian literary evening at the Café Pousset. This last contains portraits of real denizens of Bohemia, some of them famous, to which it may be amusing to attach names. The studies are for the most part studies of the men as much as of their work. They are intelligent, marked throughout both by knowledge and conviction, and well worth reading, even when they do not convince. To one's relief M. Delille sees the limitations in fiction of that surely over-rated man, M. Bourget, but would give him high rank as a critic—still more incomprehensible. M. Bourget is an admirer of our country to the extent of borrowing some of our dulness. We had better qualities to lend him. M. Delille is on firmer ground in his appreciation of the almost brutal vigour of Maupassant. While he discerns the horrible in Verlaine, he is also keenly alive to the exquisite:—"He has lived for his art alone, and by reason of his art he must die; because, full of art, he is void of many things else. No great poet, no world-poet is Paul Verlaine. But the exquisite, delightful, diseased, lacerated poet of a morbid élite." Perhaps the serious-minded M. Maurice Barrès is given more prominence than he has as yet justified, but M. Delille's sympathies evidently draw him towards those things and men that are not only serious, but ostensibly so.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT: Studies Historical, Local, and Biographical. By Richard Heath. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A bundle of miscellaneous papers, contributed to various periodicals between 1870 and 1884, make up this volume. They were the result of a study of the report of the Royal Commission on Agricultural Employment, 1867, supplemented by a series of pedestrian tours in different parts of England. The book is not cheering reading. In his statistics Mr. Heath certainly does not exaggerate; his generalizations from them are not quite free from exaggeration. But in the main his conclusions are those arrived at by all who know rural England otherwise than as mere summer visitors. Richard Jefferies said virtually the same things. The historical summary is written with a bias, and it is a little too summary to account altogether for the present condition of the labourer. The book is hardly full enough of matter to be of use to a Member of Parliament preparing facts for an agricultural speech, though it will supply him with his peroration, and it is certainly written in a way to whet curiosity. Mr. Heath's local notes, gathered in Warwickshire, the Sussex wealds, on Surrey commons, in Norfolk and Kent, are careful, shrewd, and sympathetic. As to his creed, he has plucked it out of the morality and the aspirations of Piers Plowman. To many readers the most interesting chapters will be those devoted to a study of types of English peasants—William Cobbett, John Clare, and William Huntington. As types, perhaps, they are not a perfect selection. Nevertheless they came of undoubted peasant stock. He attempts, though he protests he does not, an impossible apology for Huntington, and Cobbett in his hands is hardly burly enough. But of John Clare, that sensitive plant set to grow in a windy stubble-field, poet if ever there was one, he has given a tender and sympathetic sketch. In a volume of a "Reformer's Library," as this is, Clare and his verses may seem irrelevant. But Mr. Heath knows better.

FLEET STREET ECLOGUES. By John Davidson. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

Through the long, dusty, dreary year from New Year's Day to Christmas, the journalists, Brian, Basil, Sandy, and some others, ply their trade in Fleet Street, and most of them have no great opinion of it—

> "Mere tongues in the raiment of rumour,
> We review and report and invent;
> In drivel our virtue is spent."

They are all poets—Basil persistently and unseasonably so—and their fancy takes them outside the city and beyond the din of the press to valleys of peace, to fields and hamlets and untrodden ways. This to and fro from the rush of the streets to "the milky low of cows and farm-yard cries" is the motive of the Eclogues, and an excellent one. There are a few jars—a hideous and irrelevant story is introduced, for instance—but the country glimpses are charming. All the longing for spring is in the lines—

> "At early dawn through London you must go
> Until you come where long black hedgerows grow,
> With pink buds pearled, with here and there a tree,
> And gates and stiles; and watch good country folk;
> And scent the spicy smoke
> Of withered weeds that burn where gardens be;
> And in a ditch perhaps a primrose see."

Mr. Davidson has before now written things of striking but very unequal cleverness. He shows higher gifts in these Eclogues.

A POET'S HARVEST. With an AFTERMATH. By W. Bell Scott. (E. Mathews and J. Lane.)

This is a dainty reprint, good to look at and to handle. Bell Scott's poetry was never popular, but in reading through this little volume we wonder why it was not a little more so. There is no morbidity in it. It escapes the curse of the great mass of minor poetry—insistence on an incomplete and feeble personality. The best of it is impersonal, picturesque, sturdy, good-spirited. Much of it, of course, is poor—his sonnets, for instance, and his reflective and domestic poems. But he knew how to set a legend to rhyme. 'Glenkindie,' though in its prelude it apparently slanders something immeasurably better than itself, echoes the ballad ring about as near as can be done nowadays. Teliessin vanishing into the mystic wood, "Thorolf and Gudrun," slight as they are, are excellent in their way. He paints a picture in words, without too many of them. If he does not see a picture in his idea, he is lost. There is one in the little poem, "Adieu!"

> "Parting eyes are over kind,
> The lamb-lost ewe's bleat fills the air,
> The plover's plaint is in the wind."

So there is—and it is the prettiest of all—in "Young Loves to Sell," the song of "that cunning nymph of Arcadie."

'PRACTICAL DESIGNING.' Edited by Gleeson White. (Bell.)

These chapters are written as much from the manufacturer's point of view as the artist's, by men to whom the artistic side of designing is of first importance, but who fully recognise the mechanical restrictions of their several crafts. The editor writes on Drawing for Reproduction, Mr. Selwyn Image on Stained Glass, and Mr. Orrinsmith on Bookbinding. Designing for wall decoration, carpets, and fabrics are dealt with by other experts, and none of the articles have a doctrinaire tone about them. The illustrations are good, and the manual can be heartily recommended to practical students. The cover of the book is evidence of someone's — probably the editor's — capabilities in the way of design.

THE OXFORD BIBLE. (Frowde.)

HELPS TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE. Revised and Enlarged. (Frowde.)

CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Oxford University Press have issued in different *formats*, and all of them beautiful, an edition of the Bible, with such notes and illustrations as make it a complete Student's Bible in itself. We have one before us which for convenience of shape, elegance of binding and type, and general finish, has never been surpassed. The same firm's

'Helps to the Study of the Bible,' and the 'Cambridge Companion to the Bible,' may be confidently recommended to teachers and students. They are both excellent. The names of the contributors to the 'Helps' are guarantees of the thoroughness and the scholarliness of the work expended on it—Dr. Skeat, Canon Rawlinson, Messrs. Maude, Thompson, Carruthers, and Budge, of the British Musuem, etc. The maps are good, and the concordance, though not exhaustive, will be found helpful. In the matter of the concordance, the maps, the notes and articles on history, geography, and antiquities, the 'Cambridge Companion' is a very successful rival. Among its contributors are Professor Robertson Smith, Dr. Skeat, Dr. Moulton, Bishops Westcott and Ryle. But in the matter of type, and illustrations, the Oxford manual has the advantage.

THE HIGHWAY OF LETTERS. By Thomas Archer. (Cassell.)

This is a book full of echoes. As you read it, Fleet Street and its offshoots become the haunt of ghosts, merry ghosts for the most part, and right good company. The poets, and wits, scribblers great and little, who have rested or hurried here in days gone by, are tracked to their old homes and taverns, and many vivid glimpses do we catch of them on the highway of life and of letters. It is certainly the best guide to this part of London that exists. Mr. Archer brings up his tale to the present day, but in spite of the big newspaper offices and the life that stirs about them, the later literary traces in this region have less and less of romance and fascination.

MEMORIALS OF MY INDIAN CAREER.' By Sir George Campbell. Edited by Sir C. E. Bernard. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

This is a modest record of honest work carried out with intelligence and consistency, containing excellent lessons in Anglo-Indian administration. Though once Sir George had the reputation of being an extremist, his position was really that of a moderate and cautious man, with a strong leaning towards confidence in the natives and reasonable concession. The most interesting feature of the book is the proof it gives of the open-mindedness, the freedom from prejudice, the thirst for knowledge which marked the career of this Scotch civil servant from the time he landed in India. Sir George Campbell lived through the Mutiny, playing no inactive part during that troublous time, but he has conceived it to be his duty to tone down the exaggeration which he affirms vitiates every account of it that has yet appeared. His survey of about thirty years of Indian life is a valuable supplement to the history of the time. Apart from public matters there is little interest in the book, the references to the persons he came in contact with, and to his own social life in India, being scanty and rather dull.

ERNEST RENAN. In Memoriam. By Sir M. E. Grant Duff. (Macmillan.)

Sir M. E. Grant Duff's volume is a tribute to a friend whom he loved, whom he regarded as one of the best men he had ever known—"a saint"—and whose opinions he has adopted. Very briefly he tells the story of their intercourse, gives a few personal details—these, either from reticence or forgetfulness, are very meagre—and at considerable length, an analysis of Renan's writings and points of view. Renan, according to his memorialist, adopted the outlook on life and religion which every day is more and more looked on as inevitable, and which religious organizations, if they are to survive, must recognise. It is doubtful if the account of Renan's work which is given, so little critical or discriminative, will be very useful to anyone. The book is written in a quiet, unpretentious style, and its chief interest lies in its being one more proof of the magnetic influence of Renan over those he came in contact with.

INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE. By Edward Dowden. (Blackie.)

Professor Dowden has revised the general introduction to the Henry Irving Shakespeare, and with some additions, especially on the stage representation of Shakespeare, has published it in a separate and handy volume. The manual contains the essence of much research and scholarship. The difficulties are not shirked even in the small space at his command, but Professor Dowden is not adverse to classing many of them as insoluble. Meant for popular use, it is not overloaded with detail, but it contains the outlines of Shakespeare's life, so far as they are known, a short examination of the plays, having regard to their subjects and their sequence, a record of the work of editors and critics, and of the interpretation of Shakespeare on the stage from Burbage to Macready. It will thus supply the wants of the majority of readers, and, along with the plays, as little edited as may be, it is enough to make Shakespeare students, in all but the technical sense, of even the pupils in literature classes whom philological editors have crushed into listlessness.

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF JIM DUNCAN. By J. P. Marsden. 3 vols. (Kegan Paul.)

Is this a work of art, or has garrulous nature most to do with its compilation? Those who read it will not be surprised at the doubt expressed. If purely a work of art, it should take a high place. Jim Duncan, who tells his own story, is the average man, whose deeds, conduct, words, and style are reflected in really a masterly fashion. The average man is not generally so unsuccessful, and he has a little more common sense. But that is no blot, for Jim is an individual sketch, and not a type.

The scene is laid—except for a short Bloomsbury episode—in New York and the neighbourhood, but there is nothing peculiarly local in the tone of the story, though there is much that is distinctly American in the incidents. The message this average man has to give to the world as the result of his life experience is, Don't introduce outsiders as permanent guests into your household. They are apt to wreck its peace. Don't allow yourself to be unsuccessful. Your friends' devotion can't stand it. Don't idealize woman too much. She has her uses, and is worthy of endless devotion, but she is rather a poor thing, and at least very incomprehensible to Jim Duncan. The book is not quotable any more than is the conversation of the average man. If it were, it would be interesting to show how he reveals himself. First, he is complacent. He regards himself as a very fine fellow, a shrewd, clever, intellectual being. In misfortune that conviction bears him up. Even when, wrecked in fortune, he quits America for England, leaving his wife and children to struggle almost unaided, he is much surprised at her resentment, and nearly as complacent as ever. Then, like the true average man, he always wishes to take the cautious side. He does not bear malice to any imprudent extent. When he sees the man who has ruined his father's happiness and fortune confidentially employed by the father of the woman he loves, and is warned that evil will come of it, he says it is no business of his to interfere, and behaves with suavity to the villain. When the crash comes, the prudent Jim is involved in it. He takes to literature, but his obstinate little wife appears unconvinced of his powers, and he endeavours to prove his skill by addressing verses to her: "June roses blossomed everywhere, Our hearts were light and gay; All sunshine and no shadows ours, Just nineteen years to-day." To the end he is consistent. Only on the rarest occasions does he ever stray out of the commonplace. But he is a good fellow; his lines fell on hard places, and he has our sympathies. In his grief he makes one or two shrewd remarks about life. This one is profound: "It is a humiliating thought that wealth, respectability, prosperity, success, assert their rights to be weighed in the balance with sentiments like love, enthusiasm, devotion."

The other characters are seen through the medium of his understanding. Lyons behaves in an impossible fashion, but his portrait, as it reaches us, is just of that blurred and puzzling kind that too often contents us. It is very like our conceptions of the majority of our fellow-creatures. Jim's wife is a heroic, narrow-minded, obstinate little woman. When she fails him, which she does in an exasperating fashion, like the average man he makes his generalizations too big.

The story is distinctly worth reading. Outwardly—presumably with intention—it is most unattractive, but it is teeming with human nature. If indeed it is all art, if the writer never does obtrude himself, then he has achieved a rare success.

AT THE RISING OF THE MOON. Irish Stories and Studies. By Frank Mathew. (McClure.)

These tales are the work of a promising young writer. Landlords, those agin them, priests, patriots, and constables, impartially furnish matter for tales grave and gay. Indeed, at times in the impartiality we discern something which, for a moment, freezes our sympathy. But all the stories are marked by a certain grace and moderation of style. Mr. Mathew does not always write up to his best, which is very good. His highest point is reached in "A Connemara Miracle," where the natural and the supernatural almost touch. A man's life blood was about to be shed, and the candle in a peasant's window was to be the signal. But the moon shone in on the crucifix on the wall, and the face looked at him from the cross. So Murnane wrenched the crucifix from the wall, and would again have made to light the candle, but there on the wall where the figure had hung, was a dazzling white cross. And the signal that the rider was passing never was given. The cross left white by the crucifix on the blackened walls was a miracle to him, and saved a body and a soul. "The Other Country," a ghost story, pathetic enough, but with a kind of tragic humour at the end of it, is almost as good. Mr. Mathew has had the good luck to have his tales capitally illustrated by Mr. Boyd and Mr. Pegram.

WAYNFLETE. By. C. R. Coleridge. 2 vols. (Innes.)

Miss Coleridge has chosen an excellent subject for her story. The excellence does not merely consist in the fact that heredity plays a great part in it, and that problems of heredity are fashionable just now; still less in the ceaseless stalking of the ghosts of dead ancestors through very modern commonplace scenes. The ghosts rather mar than make the story. The interest and the strength are mainly in the central figure—a young Englishman of high-strung, nervous temperament, who is subject to "terrors." The unhappy history of an ancestor and namesake seems about to be repeated in his case. Ill luck dogs him, his relatives, with whom he is secretive, mingle their misunderstanding with contempt, the terrors take hold of him till he must drown them in what will give him a little rest and brief forgetfulness. His aunt and guardian, a strong-willed, strong-nerved, clever old lady, who has raised the fallen fortunes of the family, healthy in body and mind, and intolerant of nerves and queerness, regards him with something near to positive dislike in contrast to her feelings for his younger brother Godfrey, who is athletic and slow brained. Miss Coleridge has shown real grasp of the possibilities of character in giving to the terror-stricken Guy a practical ability, a clear-sightedness, and tenacity in business matters altogether remarkable. The athletic and everyday Godfrey is, on one side, not nearly so able to cope with the world. Indeed it was a puzzle to those who knew Guy intimately how "the sharp keen struggle for success in life, and the awful mystical combat with an unknown power, should hang on the same indomitable will."

But it is a great mistake to have materialized the terror. Materialized it loses half its uncanniness and its credibility. Borrow's was "a dread of I know not what, and there the horror lies." Guy's struggles are not so weird nor so convincing as the wanderer's in the dingle. The only other point of interest in the book is the clever portrait of a very lively and modern and literary young lady, always hunting for experiences for the sake of "copy," and a little unscrupulous in her pursuit.

A WILD PROXY. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Hutchinson.)

This is surely an early and very immature work of Mrs. Clifford. It bears traces here and there of the hand of a clever writer, but not of the hand that made 'Aunt Anne.' The story is too wild to rouse any feeling but impatience, and Merreday, the end of the nineteenth century Rochester-cum-Byron, who talks poetic rubbish and cheap cynicism all in a breath, and who, wishing to act the demon only plays the fool, is a nightmare. The worst of it is that Mrs. Clifford keeps serious in his presence.

SQUIRE HELLMANN, and other Stories. By Juhani Aho. (Unwin.)
FINNISH LEGENDS for English Children. By R. Eivind. (Unwin.)

Every day a new literature is springing into our ken to convince us how insular we have been. Only the other day we looked on Finland as the home of an intelligent race, with an advanced standard of education, but to any literature it might have produced since the *Kalevala*, who gave a thought? And now this Pseudonym Library volume proves the existence of at least one living Finnish writer of genius. Juhani Aho is the pseudonym for a novelist whose work recalls Russian literature on its higher levels. There is no direct imitation, though we are sometimes reminded of Turguenieff, who might have chosen the same subjects —"Pioneers," for instance, a little tale of the tragic struggle between human labour and the great unyielding, unpitying forest. "Loyal" has a certain grace and much common sense about it, but it is the weakest of the four. "How Father Brought Home the Lamp" describes in a marvellous fashion the wonder and awe that are struck into primitive childish imaginations by the first signs of modern civilization. And 'Squire Hellman' is written by as powerful a hand. It is a page taken straight out of life, complete in itself, yet not more complete than life, and not smoothed down at the edges. It has an unobtruded moral: the household tyrant, the feudal despot, may be outwitted by those of his own standing whom his foul mouth insults, and it is a good joke his outwitment; but whoever wins, he or those who have envied and laughed at him, the poor folks go to the wall. The translator, Mr. Nisbet Bain, introduces us in an interesting preface to Aho and some of his literary fellow countrymen.

From modern to ancient Finland. In the "Children's Library" appears stories from the *Kalevala*, 'Finnish Legends.' The legends are poetical. But their poetry is of a subtle, and, to English children, somewhat unfamiliar kind, and whether it will appeal to many of them is doubtful. It will be of interest to their elders.

IVAN GREET'S MASTERPIECE, etc. By Grant Allen. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Grant Allen is pleased with many of these stories. He says so himself in the preface. It surprised him very much that an editor was found to print one of the daring ones unaltered. It didn't surprise him that some were not accepted at all, "as usually happens when one writes anything in which one feels more than ordinary personal interest." Mr. Grant Allen has not given us anything so good on the whole for a long time, not since some of his early stories appeared in *Cornhill*, and they were better. "Ivan Greet," "The Minor Poet," "The Pot Boiler," and most of the rest are very readable. But, in spite of the inference to be drawn from the preface, there is nothing appallingly audacious in any of them. The world still looks for that splendid bit of audacity hid away in Mr. Allen's desk. All the stories have interesting episodes and a few lively up-to-date characters. One is struck by the number of things he knows and concerns himself with—science, art, the literary profession, social problems, folklore; and all these dignified things seem to exist merely as pegs to hang stories on. The worst of it is that the dignified things get sometimes a little vulgarised in the process. Mr. Grant Allen cannot write an artistic story, but he can write amusing, and pathetic, and very modern ones. He knows how to turn the weekly newspaper into fiction.

AN AUSTRALIAN MILLIONAIRE. By Mrs. A. Blitz. 3 vols. (Ward, Lock.)

Australian fiction is becoming as thick as blackberries. The stories from that land, with its background of bush and mystery, its bright sun, its legends of rapidly acquired fortunes, are, one thinks, bound to be poetical, or at least, romantic. But as one reads more of them, the fact is forced on us that not a few are quite exceptionally prosaic and dull. 'An Australian Millionaire' is a novel of considerable ability. All the characters are distinct. They are urged by different motives; they are complex; they should be interesting. There is a background of bush; there is an intricate plot; there is plenty of incident. Something is wanting: it is dull. Perhaps the plot is a little too difficult. It turns largely on a relationship puzzle, and the answer is not given till quite at the end, when we learn that the youthful Roland, while under the impression that there is a stain on his name, and little chance for him of the millions—because he is not the son of his reputed father Goldwin but of that father's enemy Lockstud—finds that at least, he is the grandson and heir of Goldwin who, though he did not know

it, happened to be the father of Lockstud. This is difficult to follow, and so is what leads up to it. There is something hard and repellent in the tone of the story, and though it is a book with brains in it, we are not sorry to lay it down.

THE SHADOW OF A SONG. By Cecil Harley. (Cassell.)

There is a little originality, a little poetry, and some foolishness in this story of the mesmeric influence exercised by a beautiful young woman at the bidding of her unscrupulous brother over an impressionable and hysterical young man. Mr. Harley can tell a story with some spirit, judging from his account of Helston's escape from prison, but he prefers to fool away his pages and his reader's patience in twaddling attempts at lively conversations. Helston, the hero or victim, among his other bad habits, makes puns of a kind to bring the whole world round to Dr. Johnson's point of view. The book all through is marked by strange aberrations of judgment, among which may be placed the poetry of ballad-concert order introducing and closing the story. Mr. Harley's philosophy is immature, and his sentiment a little flabby. He has written a book that is not common-place, but is sadly wanting in grit.

HIS WIFE'S SOUL. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

There is an attractive guilelessness about this book. Time has been busy with the English novel of late. Psychology, and modern problems have become its commonest materials, and half tones have become fashionable—all evidences of decay, no doubt. But Time has written no wrinkles here. The colours are brilliant and primitive, the characters are villainous or angelic—though, for the purposes of the story, even the angels can make mistakes. There is an attempt at murder with robbery, there is a suicide, and a pretty domestic drama besides. The two villains, a man and a woman, are so talented and adventurous that one must read on to know what becomes of them. They both come to grief, which is satisfactory, and innocence is generally rewarded. What should be the pathos of the story, the unchangeable faith of a poor half-witted wife in the goodness of her villainous husband, is a little marred by the improbability of her story. Then it is almost too much to ask us to believe that a fond husband does not distinguish the difference between his wife and her twin sister, or that Captain Fothergill, a rascal of the most patent kind, should have lived in the house for weeks with his uncle, and been allowed the prospect of marrying his innocent cousin. But nevertheless 'His Wife's Soul' is an excellent holiday story. It provides everything necessary in the way of complete relaxation.

THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE, and Other Stories. By Mark Twain. (Chatto and Windus.)

There is one good thing in this volume, and that apparently is not Mark Twain's. What of the remainder is passable is Mark Twain's commentary on the good thing. The bank-note story, which turns upon a wager whether a penniless stranger in London will prosper, or go to jail, if entrusted for a month with a £1,000,000 note, and with nothing to account for his possession of it, is poor. Then the thought-reading article is too tame, and evidently too truthful, to be entertaining. But readers will be consoled for these disappointments if they will turn to 'The Enemy Conquered,' which is given as a *bonâ-fide* romance that found its way into print some forty years ago, and never had the circulation it deserved. The loves of Elfonzo and Ambulinia are so original as well as romantic; their vocabulary and syntax so far removed from the commonplace, as to make it a matter for rejoicing that they have been introduced to a wider audience.

THE CRUISE OF THE WILD DUCK, and other Tales. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

These tales are translated from the Danish of Holger Drachmann. They are not marked by any extraordinary power or brilliancy, but they justify their introduction to foreign readers by a certain quiet humour and delicate shading of character. "She Died and was Buried," and "Round Cape Horn" have both of them a distinct flavour of their own. The salt air of the sea gives a pungency to these stories. The sea is more than a mere background. It is the life running through them.

THE PENTAMERONE, or The Story of Stories. By G. Basile Translated by J. E. Taylor. New edition, revised and edited by Helen Zimmern. (Unwin.)

This is a book whose resurrection we have long looked for. Basile's collection of tales was the source and inspiration of many later fairy stories, and they are more delightful than most of those that were borrowed from them. Miss Zimmern, however, gives rather an exaggerated idea of the extent to which some of the seventeenth century fairy writers borrowed from the 'Pentamerone.' Madame d'Aulnoy's debt, for instance, was slight. When Taylor, many years ago, prepared the 'Pentamerone' for children, he naturally bowdlerized a great deal. Miss Zimmern has continued the process for the children of to-day. Basile had a peculiarly lively wit, and his stories are bizarre, and strongly individual. The present version, with Cruikshank's illustrations, should be popular with children whose palates have not been spoilt by the insipid domestic juvenile fiction of the day. Readers, however, who wish to taste the real flavour of Basile had best turn to Liebrecht's German version, which reflects his style, his vividly, exaggeratedly, picturesque language as Taylor's never pretended to do. There is no complete English translation. The Neapolitan is a practically unknown dialect. The late Mr. J. A. Symonds was credited with knowing it, but he had few fellow-students.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. B. C.—It is a pity you told the story in verse. The metre you have chosen is unsuitable, and in your desperation for rhyme and rhythm, you commit some enormities. When his long lost love stands before him, to say "Kathleen blocks the way" is almost rude. "These are the words I ken" is another example. Line 3 doesn't scan, and there is an ambiguity of meaning in lines 7 and 8. You might enlarge on the story, and tell it in prose.

A. J. P.—It has a powerful moral. The writing is not without promise, but there are occasional slips in English, *e.g.*, "Would lay on his back," and the use of slang, like "out of collar," and, as in the title, is inadmissible in a case like this. Keep colloquialisms for dialogue.

A. K. M.—I fear it is a little dull. It is a great mistake to give the sermons of eloquent curates in stories. Readers are not at the same point of view as the curate's audience, and are less likely to be impressed. A short description of voice, gestures, and effect, answers the purpose much better. But the sermon does not account for the dulness. Blanche is dull, so is her mother, so is the lover. You write correctly enough, but without pliancy or lightness.

A. P.—Stanza 4 is the best. It suggests that a strong human motive impelled you to write the verses. The first line of all is not very happy, neither are the short lines at the end of the stanzas. The subject is the most difficult of all to treat, as, robbed of the solemn grandeur that the great poets have known how to surround it with, it is merely painful, and mere pain can never inspire poetry.

CELIA.—The poem is only in the making. Stanza 1: You have intended rhymed verse, but "blossoms" and "glory" stand lonely and unmatched. If they had been in the first and third lines respectively, instead of the second and fourth, it would not matter. Stanza 2: "All mankind" is plural, yet you substitute for it "him" in the next line. Stanza 3: Who is "we" in line 1? This is not very successful. Verses want more thinking out and shaping than you have bestowed on yours.

CHASSIE.—It was doubtless an amusing escapade. But such adventures are not very amusing on paper, unless they are told with some art and some wit, and your version is very artless.

CLOUDLAND.—A little commonplace in both subject and style, but it has some good qualities. You tell your story in a simple, direct fashion, and when you have a little more to say, and know human

nature below the surface a little better, your style will have probably developed too.

CROUCH END.—I do not think you should try to publish this. You could surely do something better. The plot is fantastic, but not interesting. The situation is altogether a false one, and your introduction of spirits does not make it independent of human probabilities. The form is suitable enough to the kind of half-human, half-supernatural conception you have been striving after, but it demands poetic treatment. And in your hands it becomes prosaic. I should advise, if you try another drama of the kind, to omit the preface. It is unnecessary, and apt to prejudice a reader.

D. B. M.—The subject is good, but if you set about writing verse you must give up part of your liberty, and observe certain forms and laws. Your metre is lawless, as you will own if you read the verses aloud. What is the meaning of "ciel?"

D. C.—Thought in No. 1, and worthy of verse, but the verse is poor, and clumsy, and uneven. Try it again. Thought in No. 2 commonplace enough, but the verse much more successful. I don't think they are likely to be accepted by a periodical. Wait till you have written something better.

DE AUBA.—Contains much good sense, and perhaps a semi-religious girl's paper or some church organ might be glad to have it. There are two faults in it you had better learn to avoid. It is nearly always a mistake to begin an essay with general remarks on a subject, and then suddenly say: "But that is not what I want to talk about." Better plunge into your subject abruptly if you cannot think of an introduction leading directly up to it. And don't try to make up for weakness, or inexpressiveness, or inexactness of language by using interrogation marks after words.

DELTA.—Fairly amusing, but the style can hardly be your everyday wear. It is just a little stilted. And the sketch would be better if the note of contempt or superiority were absent from the description of the good folks. It is not a loud note, but it is heard, and it jars. It distracts one's attention from those who should be the real subjects of the description to you and your party. In its present form, perhaps a Lowland Scottish newspaper might take it. But I should advise your using the materials of the sketch for the background and some of the details of a short story.

DEMOS.—The latter part of No. 2 is very good. No. 1 is commonplace, though it is a mechanically well-turned sonnet. As to No. 3's aspiration, good speed! Your verse is compact. Look after the thoughts that enter it. Let only the best in.

ERIC.—The little specimen you send is very good. Judging from it, I should say it would be worth your while to go on. The "frantic efforts" may be necessary, of course, in a more sustained attempt. Lines 5 and 6 sound rather weak.

FRANCIS.—Not precocious. Just what might have been expected seeing the age at which it was written. But it is not much use judging back-work at your tender years.

G. SILLERY.—It is too slight to be a real test of your prowess. So far as it goes it is good. It has the air of being dashed off at a short sitting, and, at least, it has the fault of hasty writing—it is a little insubstantial. The "girls" would be mystified by its vague allusions. You don't show why or how M. M. is a type of "the best fruit of our nineteenth century civilization." Perhaps it was meant to hang on to a criticism of the book. You write brightly. You might send some of the other things you mention.

IDLER.—A very pretty story, told with considerable delicacy and skill. It is worth sending to a magazine. If you think of revising it before sending it out to seek its fortune, I'd advise you to give a second thought to Phœbe's conversation. I think she would have said a little less during the interview. If she had said as much as you put into her mouth, she would have alarmed William. Yet he was not alarmed, only forgetful and indifferent. So far as he is concerned, the interview is very good.

JOURNALIST.—1. Interesting, but inconclusive. The expression is sometimes very confused. It is difficult to see quickly what you mean by "Fiction having now annexed to itself an entire department of literature," etc. (p. 4). Rewrite the passage on p. 10 about the novel "being permanent in the abstract" and "in the concrete." It reads like nonsense, though you have an idea at the back of it. It is not correct to call Sheridan "the last literary dramatist." At least qualify the expression. No. 2, less good, because much more wordy in proportion to the ideas it contains. Sentences very much too long and involved. No. 3 is largely a repetition. It is simpler and clearer, however, and contains good sense. The first and imperative duty on your part, since you would learn to write well, is to force yourself to make short sentences. Your style would not do at all in journalism, not even in literary criticism; and in other forms of literature, such an involved style needs to be full of picturesque phrases and rich in texture before it is endurable. You have read and thought and have a desire to write, so you will probably succeed, but you are not quite on the right road in these papers.

JOYCE.—Pretty, but a little weakly. Your writing wants thickening. Try next time with a subject that demands a little thinking, or criticism, ar knowledge of character or of facts.

LAON.—'Twilight,' the best of the three, is distinctly good. The weakest part is the parenthesis, "for any sound," etc. It is commonplace. I don't like the last line of the evening sonnet. Otherwise, it is good. The stanzas are poetical, but the meaning—a simple enough one—you have managed to obscure through too great wordiness.

LEX.—Not at all bad. You have chosen a difficult metre. Mend it in the weak places. "Undo" is a poor rhyme for "whereto." The whole of that verse needs altering.

MAEONIDES MINOR.—Very respectable verse. Sentiments good, metre and rhythm very fair. There is no reason to be discouraged.

PATER.—It is very difficult to judge this class of compositions. They are nearly always purely imitative, and when a little later the imitativeness dies out—and ambition often goes along with it—very often there is no real imagination left behind, though generally an appreciativeness of poetry remains. These verses seem to be good, probably above the average of those written in similar circumstances, and, with all their faults of metre, they show an ear for rhythm.

POPE.—A lively description—of your feelings at all events. Is "awning" collective? There is something to correct at the foot of p. 1—a confusion between "crowd's" and "each's" and "all's." You probably mean "in sooth," not "forsooth." p. 2. Why is "frigid" within quotation marks on p. 3? Because you have quoted yourself? That is over scrupulous. Don't use stock phrases like "devoted head." You have evidently some talent for reporting, which it would be worth your while to improve.

RAB.—Pretty. It might be set to music. It seems more adapted for that than anything else. I'd make it rather shorter, as your inspiration does not keep up all the time. Stanza 2, for instance, is poor, and verse 4 is a little confused.

RAY DENE.—A very pretty fancy poetically worked out. There is rather too much attempt at subtlety to make it a successful children's fairy-tale, though little C. might win their affections. Composition good, and the story in several ways shows promise. It is rather long for a children's magazine, but it might well be accepted.

R. D. B.—You have evident facility in writing verse. The verse scans, too. But the subject is rather unsympathetic and uninteresting. I fear the poem would not be willingly read. With a more genial subject you would probably write something creditable.

S. M.—The incidental description of natural things is very good indeed. The mise en scène is excellent for a parting. There is a great falling off in the last two verses. Are they quite necessary? "Wandering through the *place*" is unsatisfactory. "I lost the face I loved for many a *spring*." The rhyme called for "spring." But if you could express that you lost it for many a September it would harmonize better with the rest of the poem. If the leaf "wandered through the place," why did you seek for it beneath the tree? In spite of the defects of the two last verses, the poem has distinct merit.

TOWN MOUSE.—Rather poor reporting style. The subject might have interest for young technical students, and the organ of some school or institute might accept it. But the description is too thin and bare to interest anyone very much.

TWADDLE.—With regard to the plot, the chief difficulty is that if "the story was whispered about," the artist would have run much more chance of being lynched than admired. The fashionable public is surely hardly so brutal as you would seem to infer; indeed, over a case of this kind its sentiment would be apt to run wild. The only chance of the tale gaining that degree of credibility which is necessary before it can be read with ordinary patience is for you to veil the fact that "the story was whispered about." Composition fair, not at all unpromising. A newspaper, local, perhaps, that takes short stories, might accept it.

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BONAR, J.—Philosophy and Political Economy, 10/6.... Sonnenschein
BUXTON, Rev. H. J. W.—By Word and Deed, Part 3, 2/6 Skeffington
Cambridge Companion to the Bible, 3/6.....Camb. Univ. Press
[*See p.* 88.]
CARTER, Rev. T. T.—Retreats, 5/-.....Masters
Consolation for the Afflicted, translated from the Russian by S. K., 1/6 ..... Masters
EXELL, Rev. J. S.—Biblical Illustrator. Hebrews, vol. I., 7/6..Nisbet
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Final Triumph, or Dying Sayings of the Saints, compiled by M. E. T. 2/6.....Nisbet
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LOCKYER, T. F.—The Gospel of John (Books for Bible Students), 2/6 C. H. Kelly
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[*See p.* 90]

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[*See p.* 87.]

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[*See page* 90.]

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